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THE WAY OF LITERATURE

SIXTH BOOK

THE WAY OF LITERATURE

Edited by

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Frontis.

THE WAY OF LITERATURE

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SIXTH BOOK

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PREFACE.

On a visit to Abbeville during the war, it was my fortune to meet a distinguished French school-master, who was acting as an interpreter with the British army. He had the fullest admiration for the character and bearing of our men, but in one thing they disappointed him—they were as a whole ignorant and unappreciative of their national literature. 'These splendid young fellows,' he said, 'are so proud of their country, and yet they have no notion of what they have to be proud of!' He had himself learned to love England through his enthusiasm for our great authors, and he could not understand the indifference of Englishmen to a wealth and glory that should have meant far more to them than to him.

We can hardly deny the justice of this reproach. What can we do to remove it? Surely we should make a crowning effort, in the last year of our children's school life, to bring home to them the infinite treasures of their literary heritage, and to give them the necessary impulse and guidance to explore it for themselves. For many of them this will be the last opportunity. They go out into a world in which the desire to develop their minds, to seek knowledge and to love beauty will meet with little encouragement; the easy attractions of the cheap and trashy,

of pleasures, harmless, perhaps, but also worthless, will always be there to seduce them. Let us see to it, before it is too late, that they learn the essential value of good literature. If they perceive our delight in it, they will be quick to enjoy it, and we can show them, by our love for it, how worthy it is to be loved.

The extracts from Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, with which this volume opens, emphasise some of the practical advantages to be gained by those who 'read the best authors with attention.' The correct and graceful speech that he wished his boy to acquire is not for a small, favoured class, it is within the reach and should be the aim of all 'who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake.' It is only to be attained by the close study and unconscious absorption of the writings of the great masters. From them we learn to increase our own vocabulary, to appreciate the nice meaning of words, and thereby to make our own speech at once more accurate and more expressive; and in so doing, by the natural reaction of speech upon thought, we come to think more clearly, and to develop our own thinking powers. But unless we can reproduce aloud their rhythms, and speak their sentences as they intended them to be spoken, half their value will escape us. For language is not merely an intellectual medium, a collection of logical symbols put together to make logical statements, as figures are added

together in a sum. If it were, to scan a page of print would be to exhaust its meaning. The deeper significance of language is emotional and imaginative. 'Men,' Chesterfield says truly, 'are oftener led by their hearts than by their understandings,' and in the effect produced by the sound no less than the sense of the words will lie much of their meaning and the force of their appeal. Hence the supreme importance of good reading aloud. Children have a natural sense of rhythm, a quick appreciation for beauty of sound. Books which would remain dull and dead to them if read with 'the eye alone, or stumblingly and stupidly read aloud, come alive when they are communicated by an intelligent and sympathetic voice. However necessary it may be to submit the class to the ordeal of listening to the bunglers among them, the lesson should always be concluded by the reading, either by the teacher, or by one of the best pupils, of the chosen passage as a whole, as well as it can be read.

Chesterfield's shrewd worldly wisdom only touches on the fringe of a great subject. It barely suggests the power of good books to quicken our vision to all that lies about us, and to widen our limited experience with the experience of more observant and wiser men. The young readers of this volume are introduced to many of our finest writers. They will find in it matter to feed some of their keenest appetites—their zest for a good story, their delight in stirring adventure, and in

moving or humorous incident. In particular, it will stimulate a love of their country. This love is innate in all of us, but it is not always well founded or wisely directed; and it can be strengthened and purified in no better way than by awakening in us a fuller sense of the infinitely varied natural beauty of England, and the endless human interest of her past history. When we have gone a journey in the company of Borrow, or Lamb, or Gissing, and looked out, for the time, with their eyes, we shall see more clearly with our own; when we read stories which vividly reveal the deeds and characters of great Englishmen, in different ways representative of the national character, the past becomes alive to us, and as full of meaning as the present. Such stories have an added fascination when they are told us by men who speak from personal knowledge of those they celebrate. Here we read of Johnson and of Herbert in the intimate words of those who knew and loved them, and the inspiring tale of Sir Philip Sidney has a greater force and beauty on the lips of one who on his title page can call himself Sidney's 'companion and friend.'

A volume of this nature, composed of extracts, which are all of them short, and some of them fragmentary, must of necessity be tantalising, and indeed it is intended to be so. The appetite grows by what it feeds on, and what better could we desire than that the children who are here

presented with the fragment should, like *Oliver Twist*, ask for more? The teacher should be prepared to guide them in their visits to the school and city libraries, where they may satisfy to the full that hunger which this volume has been designed to whet—a hunger for the very best.

To suggest to them the high value which, I hope, they will learn to set upon such reading, I have closed this volume with famous passages from Milton, Carlyle, and Ruskin, putting before them, in better words than mine, the spiritual worth of great books. The full truth of what these masters have to tell us can only be realised after much experience of life ; but no one is fit or worthy to pursue the noble calling of a teacher who has not in some measure realised it, and is not able to impress it on his pupils, not so much by direct precept, which easily becomes tedious, as by the spirit in which he approaches it himself. For great literature will help us to understand better both ourselves and other men, it will fill with interest and delight what before seemed dull and commonplace, it will make us both hungry for beauty and satisfy our hunger, and, if we read intelligently, will set our foot firmer and make our eye surer in the quest for truth. The curse of modern civilisation is that it rates material values too high and thinks too little of the spirit—it has developed the taste for what is bought for money at the expense of those delights, the purest and truest, which lie at our very door—pleasures which

enlarge the mind and heart instead of contracting them, which rest the spirit instead of wearying it. The attitude of the uneducated man towards life, with his vulgar cares and sordid ambitions, has well been compared to that of the country bumpkin who gapes in ecstatic wonder on the fireworks at a village fair, and passes unheeded the splendours of a summer night. The finest corrective to this tendency, to which even the best of us is subject, is to be found in the society of those great minds who have seen life steadily and seen it whole, who are keen in their perception of beauty, rich in human experience, and gifted with that mastery over the magic of language which has won for their words the honourable title of literature.

There is one great society on earth,
The noble living and the noble dead.

It is a high privilege to be admitted even to the outskirts of this society, and those of us who have enjoyed it, in however humble a way, will not rest content until we have shared it with those whose minds have been entrusted to our care.

My thanks are due to the executors of the late George Gissing, and to Messrs. Constable & Co., for permission to include the extract from the *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, and to Mr. Humphrey Milford for *The Bear Hunt* by Tolstoy.

E. de S.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF SPEAKING WELL.

(Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son.)

(I) To his son, aged seven.

You cannot but be convinced that a man who speaks and writes with elegance and grace ; who makes choice of good words, and adorns and embellishes the subject on which he either speaks or writes, will persuade better, and succeed more easily in obtaining what he wishes, than a man who does not explain himself clearly ; speaks his language ill ; or makes use of low and vulgar expressions ; and who has neither grace nor elegance in anything that he says. Now it is by rhetoric that the art of speaking eloquently is taught ; and, though I cannot think of grounding you in it as yet, I would wish, however, to give you an idea of it suitable to your age.

The first thing you should attend to is to speak whatever language you do speak in its greatest purity, and according to the rules of grammar ; for we must never offend against grammar, nor make use of words which are not really words. This is, not all ; for not to speak ill, is not sufficient ; we must speak well ; and the best method of attaining to that, is to read the best

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authors with attention ; and to observe how people of fashion speak, and those who express themselves best. (1739.)

(II) To his son, aged nine.

I have warned you against odd emotions, strange postures, and ungenteel carriage. But there is likewise an awkwardness of mind that ought to be, and with care may be, avoided ; as, for instance, to mistake or forget names ; to speak of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, or Mrs. Thingum, or How-d'ye-call-her, is excessively awkward and ordinary. To call people by improper titles and appellations is so, too ; as my Lord for sir, and sir for my Lord. To begin a story or narration, when you are not perfect in it, and cannot go through with it, but are forced, possibly, to say in the middle of it, ' I have forgot the rest,' is very unpleasant and bungling. One must be extremely exact, clear, and perspicuous in everything one says ; otherwise, instead of entertaining or informing others, one only tires and puzzles them. The voice and manner of speaking, too, are not to be neglected ; some people almost shut their mouths when they speak, and mutter so that they are not to be understood ; others speak so fast and sputter so, that they are not to be understood neither ; some always speak as loud as if they were talking to deaf people ; and others so low

that one cannot hear them. All these habits are awkward and disagreeable ; and are to be avoided by attention ; they are the distinguishing marks of the ordinary people, who have taken no care of their education. You cannot imagine how necessary it is to mind all these little things , for I have seen many people with great talents ill received, for want of having these talents, too ; and others well received only from their little talents, and who had no great ones.

Demosthenes, the celebrated Greek orator, thought it so absolutely necessary to speak well, that though he naturally stuttered, and had weak lungs, he resolved, by application and care, to get the better of those disadvantages. Accordingly, he cured his stammering by putting small pebbles into his mouth ; and strengthened his lungs gradually, by using himself every day to speak aloud and distinctly for a considerable time. He likewise went to the seashore, in stormy weather, when the sea made most noise, and there spoke as loud as he could, in order to use himself to the noise and murmurs of the popular assemblies of the Athenians, before whom he was to speak. By such care, joined to the constant study of the best authors, he became at last the greatest orator of his own or any other age or country, though he was born without any one natural talent for it. Adieu! Copy Demosthenes. (1741.)

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(III) To his son, aged sixteen.

Your very bad enunciation runs so much in my head, and gives me such real concern, that it will be the object of this, and I believe of many more letters.

I congratulate both you and myself that I was informed of it (as I hope) in time to prevent it ; and shall ever think myself, as hereafter you will, I am sure, think yourself, infinitely obliged to Sir Charles Williams, for informing me of it. Good God ! if this ungraceful and disagreeable manner of speaking had, either by your negligence or mine, become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure you would have made in company, or in a public assembly ! Who would have liked you in the one, or attended to you in the other ? Men, as well as women, are much oftener led by their hearts, than by their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses : please their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. Words were given us to communicate our ideas by, and there must be something inconceivably absurd in uttering them in such a manner, as that either people cannot understand them, or will not desire to understand them. I tell you truly and sincerely, that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully. If you have parts, you will never

be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking most gracefully ; for I aver that it is in your power. You will desire Mr. Harte, that you may read aloud to him every day, and that he will interrupt and correct you every time that you read too fast, do not observe the proper stops, or lay a wrong emphasis. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak : to articulate very distinctly : and to beg of Mr. Harte, or whomever you speak to, to remind and stop you, if ever you fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read aloud to yourself, and tune your utterance to your own ears and read at first much slower than you need to do, in order to correct yourself of that shameful trick of speaking faster than you ought. In short, if you think right, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure, to speak well. Therefore, what I have said in this and in my last, is more than sufficient, if you have sense ; and ten times more would not be sufficient if you have not : so here I rest it. (1748.)

LORD CHESTERFIELD.—*Letters to his Son.*

HYMN OF PAN.

From the forests and highlands
 We come, we come ;
From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb
 Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 SPEEDED BY MY SWEET PIPINGS.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed :
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
'T breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

SHELLEY.

THE BEAR HUNT.

We were out on a bear-hunting expedition. My comrade had shot at a bear, but only gave him a flesh-wound. There were traces of blood on the snow, but the bear had got away.

We all collected in a group in the forest, to decide whether we ought to go after the bear at once, or wait two or three days till he should settle down again. We asked the peasant bear-drivers whether it would be possible to get round the bear that day.

‘No. It’s impossible,’ said an old bear-driver. ‘You must let the bear quiet down. In five days’ time it will be possible to surround him ; but if you followed him now, you would only frighten him away, and he would not settle down.’

But a young bear-driver began disputing with the old man, saying that it was quite possible to get round the bear now.

‘On such snow as this,’ said he, ‘he won’t go far, for he is a fat bear. He will settle down before evening ; or, if not, I can overtake him on snow-shoes.’

The comrade I was with was against following up the bear, and advised waiting. But I said,—

‘We need not argue. You do as you like, but I will follow up the track with Damian. If we get round the bear, all right. If not, we lose

nothing. It is still early, and there is nothing else for us to do to-day.'

So it was arranged.

The others went back to the sledges, and returned to the village. Damian and I took some bread, and remained behind in the forest.

. When they had all left us, Damian and I examined our guns, and after tucking the skirts of our warm coats into our belts, we started off, following the bear's tracks.

The weather was fine, frosty and calm ; but it was hard work snow-shoeing. The snow was deep and soft ; it had not caked together at all in the forest, and fresh snow had fallen the day before, so that our snow-shoes sank six inches deep in the snow, and sometimes more.

The bear's tracks were visible from a distance, and we could see how he had been going ; sometimes sinking in up to his belly, and ploughing up the snow as he went. At first, while under large trees, we kept in sight of his track ; but when it turned into a thicket of small firs, Damian stopped.

' We must leave the trail now,' said he. ' He has probably settled somewhere here. You can see by the snow that he has been squatting down. Let us leave the track and go round ; but we must go quietly. Don't shout or cough, or we shall frighten him away.'

Leaving the track, therefore, we turned off to the left. But when we had gone about five hundred yards, there were the bear's traces again

right before us. We followed them, and they brought us out on to the road. There we stopped, examining the road to see which way the bear had gone. Here and there in the snow were prints of the bear's paw, claws and all, and here and there the marks of a peasant's bark shoes. The bear had evidently gone towards the village.

As we followed the road, Damian said,—

‘It's no use watching the road now. We shall see where he has turned off, to right or left, by the marks in the soft snow at the side. He must have turned off somewhere ; for he won't have gone on to the village.’

We went along the road for nearly a mile, and then saw, ahead of us, the bear's track turning off the road. We examined it. How strange ! It was a bear's track right enough, only not going from the road into the forest, but from the forest on to the road ! The toes were pointing towards the road.

‘This must be another bear,’ I said.

Damian looked at it and considered awhile.

‘No,’ said he, ‘it's the same one. He's been playing tricks, and walked backwards when he left the road.’

We followed the track, and found it really was so ! The bear had gone some ten steps backwards, and then, behind a fir tree, had turned round and gone straight ahead. Damian stopped and said,—

‘Now, we are sure to get round him. There is a marsh ahead of us, and he must have settled down there. Let us go round it.’

We began to make our way round, through a fir thicket. I was tired out by this time, and it had become still more difficult to get along. Now I glided on to juniper bushes and caught my snow-shoes in them, now a tiny fir tree appeared between my feet, or, from want of practice, my snow-shoes slipped off; and now I came upon a stump or a log hidden by the snow. I was getting very tired, and was drenched with perspiration; and I took off my fur cloak. And there was Damian all the time, gliding along as if in a boat, his snow-shoes moving as if of their own accord, never catching against anything, nor slipping off. He even took my fur and slung it over his shoulder, and still kept urging me on.

We went on for two more miles, and came out on the other side of the marsh. I was lagging behind. My snow-shoes kept slipping off, and my feet stumbled. Suddenly Damian, who was ahead of me, stopped and waved his arm. When I came up to him, he bent down, pointing with his hand, and whispered,—

‘Do you see the magpie chattering above that undergrowth? It scents the bear from afar. That is where he must be.’

We turned off and went on for more than another half-mile, and presently we came on to the old track again. We had, therefore, been right round the bear, who was now within the track we had left. We stopped, and I took off my cap and loosened all my clothes. I was as hot as in a steam

bath, and as wet as a drowned rat. Damian, too, was flushed, and wiped his face with his sleeve.

‘ Well, sir,’ he said, ‘ we have done our job, and now we must have a rest.’

The evening glow already showed red through the forest. We took off our snow-shoes and sat down on them, and got some bread and salt out of our bags. First I ate some snow, and then some bread ; and the bread tasted so good that I thought I had never in my life had any like it before. We sat there resting until it began to grow dusk, and then I asked Damian if it was far to the village.

‘ Yes,’ he said, ‘ it must be about eight miles. We will go on there to-night, but now we must rest. Put on your fur coat, sir, or you’ll be catching cold.’

Damian flattened down the snow, and breaking off some fir branches made a bed of them. We lay down side by side, resting our heads on our arms. I do not remember how I fell asleep. Two hours later I woke up, hearing something crack.

I had slept so soundly that I did not know where I was. I looked around me. How wonderful ! I was in some sort of a hall, all glittering and white with gleaming pillars, and when I looked up I saw, through delicate white tracery, a vault, raven black and studded with coloured lights. After a good look, I remembered that we were in the forest, and that what I took for a hall and pillars, were trees covered with snow and hoarfrost, and the coloured lights were stars twinkling between the branches.

Hoar-frost had settled in the night ; all the twigs were thick with it, Damian was covered with it, it was on my fur coat, and it dropped down from the trees. I woke Damian ; and we put on our snow-shoes and started. It was very quiet in the forest. No sound was heard but that of our snow-shoes pushing through the soft snow ; except when now and then a tree, cracked by the frost, made the forest resound. Only once we heard the sound of a living creature. Something rustled close to us, and then rushed away. I felt sure it was the bear, but when we went to the spot whence the sound had come, we found the foot-marks of hares, and saw several young aspen trees with their bark gnawed. We had startled some hares while they were feeding.

We came out on the road, and followed it, dragging our snow-shoes behind us. It was easy walking now. Our snow-shoes clattered as they slid behind us from side to side of the hard-trodden road. The snow creaked under our boots, and the cold hoar-frost settled on our faces like down. Seen through the branches, the stars seemed to be running to meet us, now twinkling, now vanishing, as if the whole sky were on the move.

I found my comrade sleeping, but woke him up, and related how we had got round the bear. After telling our peasant host to collect beaters for the morning, we had supper and lay down to sleep.

I was so tired that I could have slept on till midday, if my comrade had not roused me. I

jumped up, and saw that he was already dressed, and busy doing something to his gun.

‘Where is Damian?’ said I.

‘In the forest, long ago. He has already been over the tracks you made, and been back here, and now he has gone to look after the beaters.’

I washed and dressed, and loaded my guns ; and then we got into a sledge, and started.

The sharp frost still continued. It was quiet, and the sun could not be seen. There was a thick mist above us, and hoar-frost still covered everything.

After driving about two miles along the road, as we came near the forest, we saw a cloud of smoke rising from a hollow, and presently reached a group of peasants, both men and women, armed with cudgels.

We got out and went up to them. The men sat roasting potatoes, and laughing and talking with the women.

Damian was there, too ; and when we arrived the people got up, and Damian led them away to place them in the circle we had made the day before. They went along in single file, men and women, thirty in all. The snow was so deep that we could only see them from their waists upwards. They turned into the forest, and my friend and I followed in their track.

Though they had trodden a path, walking was difficult ; but, on the other hand, it was impossible to fall ; it was like walking between two walls of snow.

We went on in this way for nearly half a mile, when all at once we saw Damian coming from another direction—running towards us on his snow-shoes, and beckoning us to join him. We went towards him, and he showed us where to stand. I took my place and looked round me.

To my left were tall fir trees, between the trunks of which I could see a good way, and, like a black patch just visible behind the trees, I could see a beater. In front of me was a thicket of young firs, about as high as a man, their branches weighed down and stuck together with snow. Through this copse ran a path thickly covered with snow, and leading straight up to where I stood. The thicket stretched away to the right of me, and ended in a small glade, where I could see Damian placing my comrade.

I examined both my guns, and considered where I had better stand. Three steps behind me was a tall fir.

‘That’s where I’ll stand,’ thought I, ‘and then I can lean my second gun against the tree;’ and I moved towards the tree, sinking up to my knees in the snow at each step. I trod the snow down, and made a clearance about a yard square, to stand on. One gun I kept in my hand; the other, ready cocked, I placed leaning up against the tree. Then I unsheathed and replaced my dagger, to make sure that I could draw it easily in case of need.

Just as I had finished these preparations, I heard Damian shouting in the forest,—

‘He’s up ! He’s up !’

And as soon as Damian shouted, the peasants round the circle all replied in their different voices.

‘Up, up, up ! Ou ! Ou ! Ou !’ shouted the men.

‘Ay ! Ay ! Ay !’ screamed the women in high-pitched tones.

The bear was inside the circle, and as Damian drove him on, the people all round kept shouting. Only my friend and I kept silent and motionless, waiting for the bear to come towards us. As I stood gazing and listening, my heart beat violently. I trembled, holding my gun fast.

‘Now, now,’ I thought, ‘he will come suddenly. I shall aim, fire, and he will drop——’

Suddenly, to my left, but at a distance, I heard something falling on the snow. I looked between the tall fir trees, and, some fifty paces off, behind the trunks, saw something big and black. I took aim and waited, thinking,—

‘Won’t he come any nearer ?’

As I waited, I saw him move his ears, turn, and go back ; and then I caught a glimpse of the whole of him in profile. He was an immense brute. In my excitement, I fired, and heard my bullet go ‘flop’ against a tree. Peering through the smoke, I saw my bear scampering back into the circle, and disappearing among the trees.

‘Well,’ thought I, ‘my chance is lost. He won’t come back to me. Either my comrade will shoot him, or he will escape through the line of beaters. In any case he won’t give me another chance.’

I reloaded my gun, however, and again stood listening. The peasants were shouting all round, but to the right, not far from where my comrade stood, I heard a woman screaming in a frenzied voice,—

‘Here he is ! Here he is ! Come here, come here ! Oh ! Oh ! Ay ! Ay !’

Evidently she could see the bear. I had given up expecting him, and was looking to the right at my comrade. All at once I saw Damian with a stick in his hand, and without his snow-shoes, running along a footpath towards my friend. He crouched down beside him, pointing his stick as if aiming at something, and then I saw my friend raise his gun and aim in the same direction. Crack ! He fired.

‘There,’ thought I, ‘he has killed him.’

But I saw that my comrade did not run towards the bear. Evidently he had missed him, or the shot had not taken full effect.

‘The bear will get away,’ I thought ; ‘he will go back, but he won’t come a second time towards me. But what is that ?’

Something was coming towards me like a whirlwind, snorting as it came ; and I saw the snow flying up quite near me. I glanced straight before me, and there was the bear, rushing along the path through the thicket right at me, evidently beside himself with fear. He was hardly half a dozen paces off, and I could see the whole of him—his black chest and enormous head with a

reddish patch. There he was, blundering straight at me, and scattering the snow about as he came. I could see by his eyes that he did not see me, but, mad with fear, was rushing blindly along ; and his path led him straight at the tree under which I was standing. I raised my gun and fired. He was almost upon me now, and I saw that I had missed. My bullet had gone past him, and he did not even hear me fire, but still came headlong towards me. I lowered my gun, and fired again, almost touching his head. Crack ! I had hit, but not killed him !

He raised his head and, laying his ears back, came at me showing his teeth.

I snatched at my other gun, but almost before I had touched it, he had flown at me and, knocking me over into the snow, had passed right over me.

‘ Thank goodness, he has left me,’ thought I.

I tried to rise, but something pressed me down, and prevented my getting up. The bear’s rush had carried him past me, but he had turned back, and had fallen on me with the whole weight of his body. I felt something heavy weighing me down, and something warm above my face, and I realised that he was drawing my whole face into his mouth. My nose was already in it, and I felt the heat of it, and smelt his blood. He was pressing my shoulders down with his paws so that I could not move ; all I could do was to draw my head down towards my chest away from his mouth, trying to free my nose and eyes, while he

tried to get his teeth into them. Then I felt that he had seized my forehead just under the hair with the teeth of his lower jaw, and was closing his teeth. It was as if my face were being cut with knives. I struggled to get away, while he made haste to close his jaws like a dog gnawing. I managed to twist my face away, but he began drawing it again into his mouth.

‘Now,’ thought I, ‘my end has come!’

Then I felt the weight lifted, and looking up, I saw that he was no longer there. He had jumped off me and run away.

When my comrade and Damian had seen the bear knock me down and begin worrying me, they rushed to the rescue. My comrade, in his haste, blundered, and instead of following the trodden path, ran into the deep snow and fell down. While he was struggling out of the snow, the bear was gnawing at me. But Damian, just as he was, without a gun, and with only a stick in his hand, rushed along the path shouting,—

‘He’s eating the master! He’s eating the master!’

And, as he ran, he called to the bear,—

‘Oh, you idiot! What are you doing? Leave off! Leave off!’

The bear obeyed him, and leaving me ran away. When I rose, there was as much blood on the snow as if a sheep had been killed, and the flesh hung in rags above my eyes, though in my excitement I felt no pain.

My comrade had come up by this time, and the other people collected round ; they looked at my wound, and put snow on it. But I, forgetting about my wounds, only asked,—

‘ Where’s the bear ? Which way has he gone ? ’

Suddenly I heard,—

‘ Here he is ! Here he is ! ’

And we saw the bear again running at us. We seized our guns, but before any one had time to fire, he had run past. He had grown ferocious, and wanted to gnaw me again, but seeing so many people he took fright. We saw by his track that his head was bleeding, and we wanted to follow him up ; but, as my wounds had become very painful, we went, instead, to the town to find the doctor.

The doctor stitched up my wounds with silk, and they soon began to heal.

A month later we went to hunt that bear again, but I did not get a chance of finishing him. He would not come out of the circle, but went round and round, growling in a terrible voice.

Damian killed him. The bear’s lower jaw had been broken, and one of his teeth knocked out by my bullet.

He was a huge creature, and had splendid black fur.

I had him stuffed, and he now lies in my room. The wounds on my forehead healed up so that the scars can scarcely be seen.

TOLSTOY.

THE LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE:

Francis Drake was born nigh South Tavistock in Devon, and brought up in Kent ; God dividing the honour betwixt two counties, that the one might have his birth and the other his education. His father, coming into Kent, he bound his son Francis apprentice to the master of a small barque, which traded into France and Zealan^d, where he underwent a hard service ; and pains with patience in his youth did knit the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compacted. His master dying unmarried, in reward of his industry bequeathed his barque unto him for a legacy.

For some time he continued his master's profession. But the narrow seas were a prison for so large a spirit, born for greater undertakings. He soon grew weary of his barque, which would scarce go alone but as it crept along by the shore ; wherefore selling it he unfortunately ventured most of his estate with Captain John Hawkins into the West Indies, whose goods were taken by the Spaniards at St. John de Ulva, and he himself scarce escaped with life.

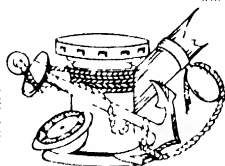
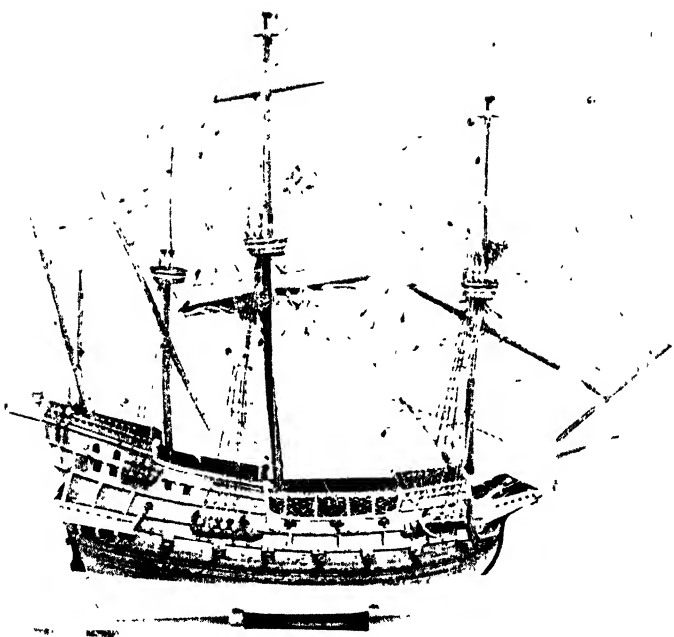
Drake was persuaded by the minister of his ship that he might lawfully recover in value of the King of Spain, and repair his losses upon him

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anywhere else. The case was clear in sea-divinity, and few are such infidels as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit. Whereupon Drake, though a poor private man, hereafter undertook to revenge himself on so mighty a monarch ; who, as not contented that the sun riseth and setteth in his dominions, may seem to desire to make all his own where he shineth. And now let us see how a dwarf, standing on the mount of God's providence, may prove an overmatch for a giant.

After two or three several voyages to gain intelligence in the West Indies, and some prizes taken, at last he effectually set forward from Plymouth with two ships, the one of seventy, the other twenty-five tons, and seventy-three men and boys in both. He made with all speed and secrecy to Nombre de Dios, as loath to put the town to too much charge, which he knew they would willingly bestow, in providing beforehand for his entertainment ; which city was then the granary of the West Indies, wherein the golden harvest brought from Panama was hoarded up till it could be conveyed into Spain. They came hard aboard the shore, and lay quiet all night, intending to attempt the town in the dawning of the day.

But he was forced to alter his resolution and assault it soon ; for he heard his men muttering amongst themselves of the strength and greatness of the town ; and when men's heads are once



Elizabethan Galleon

*A type of sailing ship modified by
borrowing certain features from
the oared galley*

By kind permission of the owner, R. Morton Nance, Esq.

flyblown with buzzes of suspicion, the vermin multiply instantly, and one jealousy begets another. Wherefore he raised them from their nest before they had hatched their fears, and to put away those conceits, he persuaded them it was day-dawning when the moon rose, and instantly set on the town, and won it, being unwalled. In the marketplace the Spaniards saluted them with a volley of shot ; Drake returned their greeting with a flight of arrows, the best and ancient English compliment, which drove their enemies away. Here Drake received a dangerous wound, though he valiantly concealed it a long time, knowing if his heart stooped, his men's would fall, and loath to leave off the action, wherein if so bright an opportunity once setteth it seldom riseth again. But at length his men forced him to return to his ship, that his wound might be dressed, and this unhappy accident defeated the whole design. Thus victory sometimes slips through their fingers, who have caught it in their hands.

But his valour would not let him give over the project as long as there was either life or warmth in it. And therefore having received intelligence from the negroes, called Symérons, of many mules' lading of gold and silver, which was to be brought from Panama, he, leaving competent numbers to man his ships, went on land with the rest, and bestowed himself in the woods by the way as they were to pass, and so intercepted and carried away an infinite mass of

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gold. As for the silver, which was not portable over the mountains, they digged holes in the ground and hid it therein.

There want not those who love to beat down the price of every honourable action, though they themselves never mean to be chapmen. These cry up Drake's fortune herein, to cry down his valour, as if this his performance were nothing, wherein a golden opportunity ran his head, with his long forelock, into Drake's 'hands beyond expectation. But certainly his resolution and unconquerable patience deserved much praise, to adventure on such a design, which had in it just no more probability than what was enough to keep it from being impossible ; yet I admire not so much at all the treasure he took, as at the rich and deep mine of God's providence.

Having now full freighted himself with wealth, and burnt at the House of Crosses above two hundred thousand pounds' worth of Spanish merchandise, he returned with honour and safety into England, and some years after undertook that his famous voyage about the world, most accurately described by our English authors ; and yet a word or two thereof will not be amiss.

Setting forward from Plymouth, he bore up for Cape Verd, where, near to the island of St. Jago, he took prisoner Nuno da Silva, an experienced Spanish pilot, whose direction he used in the coasts of Brazil and Magellan Straits, and afterwards safely landed him at Guatulco in

New Spain. Hence they took their course to the island of Brava, and hereabouts they met with those tempestuous winds, whose only praise is, that they continue not an hour, in which time they change all the points of the compass. Here they had great plenty of rain, poured, not as in other places, as it were out of sieves, but as out of spouts, so that a butt of water falls down in a place ; which, notwithstanding, is but a courteous injury in that hot climate far from land, and where otherwise fresh water cannot be provided ; then, cutting the line, they saw the face of that heaven which earth hideth from us, but therein only three stars of the first greatness ; the rest few and small compared to our hemisphere, as if God, on purpose, had set up the best and biggest candles in that room wherein his civilest guests are entertained.

Sailing the south of Brazil, he afterwards passed the Magellan Straits, and then entering *Mare Pacificum*, came to the southermost land at the height of $55\frac{1}{2}$ latitudes ; thence directing his course northwards, he pillaged many Spanish towns, and took rich prizes of high value in the kingdoms of Chili, Peru, and New Spain. Then bending eastwards he coasted China and the Moluccas, where, by the king of Terrenate, a true gentleman pagan, he was most honourably entertained. The king told them they and he were all of one religion in this respect, that they believed not in gods made of stocks and stones as did the

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Portuguese. He furnished them also with all necessaries that they wanted.

On the 9th of January following (1579), his ship having a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal, and struck twice on it, knocking twice at the door of death, which no doubt had opened the third time. Here they stuck from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on, and water too much and yet too little to sail in. Had God, *who*, as the wise man saith (Prov. xxx. 4) *holdeth the winds in His fist*, but opened His little finger, and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away, but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship was first to ease it of the burthen of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves by fasting under the hand of God. Afterwards they received the Communion, dining on Christ in the Sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with Him in heaven. Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a miser to think on it, with much sugar, and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about. Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed, and it pleased God that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend, which, changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising

by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, for which they returned unfeigned thanks to Almighty God.

By the Cape of Good Hope and west of Africa he returned safe into England, and landed at Plymouth, being almost the first of those that made a thorough light through the world, having in his whole voyage, though a curious searcher after the time, lost one day through the variation of several climates. He feasted the queen in his ship at Dartford, who knighted him for his service ; yet it grieved him not a little, that some prime courtiers refused the gold he offered them, as gotten by piracy. Some think that they did it to show that their envious pride was above their covetousness, who of set purpose did blur the fair copy of his performance, because they would not take pains to write after it.

I pass by his next West Indian voyage (1585) wherein he took the cities of St. Jago, St. Domingo, Carthagena, and St. Augustine in Florida : as also his service performed in 1588, wherein he, with many others, helped to the waning of that half-moon which sought to govern all the motion of our sea. I haste to his last voyage in 1595.

Queen Elizabeth, perceiving that the only way to make the Spaniard a cripple for ever was to cut his sinews of war in the West Indies, furnished Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins with six of her own ships, besides twenty-one ships and barques, of their own providing, containing in all

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2500 men and boys, for some service on America. But alas ! this voyage was marred before begun. For so great preparations being too big for a cover, the King of Spain knew of it and sent a caraval¹ of adviso to the West Indies ; so that they had intelligence three weeks before the fleet set forth of England, either to fortify or to remove their treasure ; whereas in other of Drake's voyages not two of his own men knew whither he went ; and managing such a design is like carrying a mine in war ; if it hath any vent all is spoiled. Besides, Drake and Hawkins, being in joint-commission, hindered each other. The latter took himself to be inferior rather in success than skill ; and the action was unlike to prosper, when neither would follow, and both could not handsomely go abreast. It vexed old Hawkins that his counsel was not followed, in present sailing to America, but that they spent time in vain in assaulting the Canaries ; and the grief that his advice was slighted, say some, was the cause of his death. Others impute it to the sorrow he took for the taking of his barque called the *Francis*, which five Spanish frigates had intercepted. But when the same heart hath two mortal wounds given it together, 'tis hard to say which of them killeth.

Drake continued his course for Porto Rico, and, riding within the road, a shot from the castle entered the steerage of the ship, took away the

¹ Caraval : a small fast ship.

stool from under him as he sat at supper, wounded Sir Nicholas Clifford and Brute Brown to death. 'Ah, dear Brute,' said Drake, 'I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits.' And, indeed, a soldier's most proper be-moaning his friend's death in war is in revenging it. And sure, as if grief had made the English furious, they soon after fired five Spanish ships of two hundred tons apiece.

America is not unfitly resembled to an hour-glass, which hath a narrow neck of land (suppose it the hole where the sand passeth) betwixt the parts thereof, Mexicana and Peruvana. Now the English had a design to march by land over this isthmus from Porto Rico to Panama, where the Spanish treasure was laid up. Sir Thomas Baskerville, general of the land-forces, undertook the service with seven hundred and fifty armed men. They marched through deep ways, the Spaniards much annoying them with shot out of the woods. One fort in the passage they assaulted in vain, and heard two others were built to stop them, besides Panama itself. They had so much of this breakfast, they thought they should surfeit of a dinner and supper of the same. No hope of conquest except with cloying the jaws of death, and thrusting men on the mouth of the cannon. Wherefore, fearing to find the proverb true, that gold may be bought too dear, they returned to their ships. Drake afterwards fired Nombre de Dios, and many other petty towns, whose treasures the

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Spaniards had conveyed away, burning the empty casks, when their precious liquor was run out before, and then prepared for their returning home.

Great was the difference betwixt the Indian cities now from what they were when Drake first haunted these coasts. At first the Spaniards here were safe and secure, counting their treasure sufficient to defend itself, the remoteness thereof being the greatest, almost only; resistance, and the fetching of it more than the fighting for it. Whilst the King of Spain guarded the head and heart of his dominions in Europe he left his long legs in America open to blows, till, finding them to smart, being beaten black and blue by the English, he learned to arm them at last, fortifying the most important of them to make them impregnable.

Now began Sir Francis Drake his discontent to feed upon him. He saw that all the good which he had done in this voyage, consisted in the evil he had done to the Spaniards afar off, whereof he could present but small visible fruits in England. These apprehensions, accompanying if not causing the disease of the flux, wrought his sudden death. He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it. Thus we see how great spirits, having mounted to the highest pitch of performance, afterwards strain and break their credits in striving to go beyond it. Lastly, God oftentimes leaves the brightest men in an eclipse, to show that they do



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but borrow their lustre from his reflection. We will not justify all the actions of any man, though of a tamer profession than a sea-captain, in whom civility is often counted preciseness. For the main, we say that this our captain was a religious man towards God and His houses, generally sparing churches where he came, chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness. And therefore lest his soul should rust in peace, at spare hours he brought fresh water to Plymouth. Careful he was for posterity, and providently raised a worshipful family of his kindred. In a word, should those that speak against him fast till they fetch their bread where he did his, they would have a good stomach to eat it.

THOMAS FULLER.—*Holy and Profane State.*

DRAKE IN THE PACIFIC.

Being a part of the account of Drake's Voyage round the World, written by Master Francis Pretty, one of Drake's Gentlemen of Arms.

The pilot brought us to the haven of *Guatulco*, the town whereof, as he told us, had but 17 Spaniards in it. As soon as we were entered this haven, we landed, and went presently to the town and to the town-house ; where we found a judge sitting in judgment, being associated with three other officers, upon three negroes that had conspired the burning of the town. Both which judges and prisoners we took, and brought them a-shipboard, and caused the chief judge to write his letter to the town to command all the townsmen to avoid, that we might safely water there. Which being done, and they departed, we ransacked the town ; and in one house we found a pot, of the quantity of a bushel, full of reals¹ of plate, which we brought to our ship. And here one *Thomas Moon*, one of our company, took a Spanish gentleman as he was flying out of the town ; and, searching him, he found a chain of gold about him, and other jewels, which he took, and so let him go. At this place our General, among other Spaniards, set ashore his Portugal pilot which

¹ reals : a small Spanish coin.

he took at the islands of *Cape Verde* out of a ship of *St. Mary* port, of *Portugal*. And having set them ashore we departed hence, and sailed to the island of *Canno*; where our General landed, and brought to shore his own ship, and discharged her, mended and graved¹ her, and furnished our ship with water and wood sufficiently.

And while we were here we espied a ship and set sail after her, and took her, and found in her two pilcts and a Spanish governor, going for the islands of the *Philippinas*. We searched the ship, and took some of her merchandises, and so let her go. Our General at this place and time, thinking himself, both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and prince in general, sufficiently satisfied and revenged; and supposing that her Majesty at his return would rest contented with this service, purposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coast, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his country.

He thought it not good to return by the Straits, for two special causes; the one, lest the Spaniards should there wait and attend for him in great number and strength, whose hands, he, being left but one ship, could not possibly escape. The other cause was the dangerous situation of the mouth of the Straits in the South Sea; where continual storms reigning and blustering,

¹ graved : scraped the sides and bottom.

as he found by experience, besides the shoals and sands upon the coast, he thought it not a good course to adventure that way. He resolved, therefore, to avoid these hazards, to go forward to the islands of the *Malucos*,¹ and thence to sail the course of the Portugals by the Cape of *Buena Esperanza*. Upon this resolution he began to think of his best way to the *Malucos*, and finding himself, where he now was, becalmed, he saw that of necessity he must be forced to take a Spanish course; namely, to sail somewhat northerly to get a wind. We therefore set sail, and sailed 600 leagues at the least for a good wind; and thus much we sailed from the 16th of April till the 3rd of June.

The fifth of June, being in 43 degrees towards the pole Arctic, we found the air so cold, that our men being grievously pinched with the same, complained of the extremity thereof; and the further we went, the more the cold increased upon us. Whereupon we thought it best for that time to seek the land, and did so; finding it not mountainous, but low plain land, till we came within 38 degrees towards the line. In which height it pleased God to send us into a fair and good bay, with a good wind to enter the same. In this bay we anchored; and the people of the country, having their houses close by the water's side, shewed themselves unto us, and

¹ *Malucos* : the Molucca Islands in the Malay Archipelago.

sent a present unto our General. When they came unto us, they greatly wondered at the things that we brought. But our General, according to his natural and accustomed humanity, courteously intreated them, and liberally bestowed on them necessary things to cover their nakedness; whereupon they supposed us to be gods, and would not be persuaded to the contrary. The presents which they sent to our General, were feathers,¹ and cauls¹ of network. Their houses are digged round about with earth, and have from the uttermost brims of the circle, cliffs of wood set upon them, joining close together at the top like a spire steeple, which by reason of that closeness are very warm. Their bed is the ground with rushes strowed on it. and lying about the house, have the fire in the midst. The men go naked; the women take bulrushes, and kemb² them after the manner of hemp, and thereof make their loose garments, which being knit about their middles, hang down about their hips, having also about their shoulders a skin of a deer, with the hair upon it. These women are very obedient and serviceable to their husbands.

After they were departed from us, they came and visited us the second time, and brought with them feathers and bags of *tobacco* for presents. And when they came to the top of the hill, at the bottom of which we had pitched our tents, they stayed themselves; where one appointed

¹ cauls : hair nets.
W.O.L.—VI.

² kemb : comb or card wool, etc.
D

for speaker wearied himself with making a long oration ; which done, they left their bows upon the hill, and came down with their presents. In the meantime the women, remaining upon the hill, tormented themselves lamentably, tearing their flesh from their cheeks, whereby we perceived that they were about a sacrifice. In the meantime our General with his company went to prayer and to reading of the Scriptures, at which exercise they were attentivè, and seemed greatly to be affected with it ; but when they were come unto us, they restored again unto us those things which before we bestowed upon them. The news of our being there being spread through the country, the people that inhabited round about came down, and amongst them the king himself, a man of a goodly stature, and comely personage, with many other tall and warlike men ; before whose coming were sent two ambassadors to our General, to signify that their king was coming, in doing of which message, their speech was continued about half an hour. This ended, they by signs requested our General to send something by their hand to their king, as a token that his coming might be in peace. Wherein our General having satisfied them, they returned with glad tidings to their king, who marched to us with a princely majesty, the people crying continually after their manner ; and as they drew near unto us, so did they strive to behave themselves in their actions with comeliness. In

the forefront was a man of a goodly personage, who bare the sceptre or mace before the king ; whereupon hanged two crowns, a less and a bigger, with three chains of a marvellous length. The crowns were made of knit work, wrought artificially with feathers of divers colours. The chains were made of a bony substance, and few be the persons among them that are admitted to wear them ; and of that number also the persons are stinted, as some ten, some twelve, etc. Next unto him which bare the sceptre, was the king himself, with his guard about his person, clad with coney skins, and other skins. After them followed the naked common sort of people, every one having his face painted, some with white, some with black, and other colours, and having in their hands one thing or another for a present.

From RICHARD HAKLUYT, *Voyages* (1598-1600.)

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O whaur will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this ship o' mine?'

Then up and spake an eldern knight
Sat at the king's right knee:
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea.'

The king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway ower the faem;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou maun tak her hame.'

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laugh'd he;
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his ee.

‘ O wha is this has done this deed,
 Has tauld the king o’ me,
 To send us out at this time o’ the year,
 To sail upon the sea ?

‘ Be’t wind or weet, be’t hail or sleet,
 Our ship maun sail the faem;
 The king’s daughter to Noroway,
 ’Tis we maun tak her hame.’

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn,
 Wi’ a’ the haste they may;
 And they hae landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
 In Noroway but twae,
 When that the lords o’ Noroway
 Began aloud to say—

‘ Ye Scotismen spend a’ our king’s gowd,
 And a’ your queenis fee.’
 ‘ Ye lee, ye lee, ye leears loud,
 Sae loud’s I hear ye lee !

‘ For I brought as much o’ the white monie
 As gane my men and me,
 And a half-fou o’ the gude red gowd,
 Out ower the sea with me.

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‘ Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a’,
Our gude ship sails the morn.’
‘ Now ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deidly storm.

‘ I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we’ll come to harm!’ .

They hadna sail’d a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the tap-masts lap,
It was sic a deidly storm;
And the waves cam ower the broken ship,
Till a’ her sides were torn.

‘ O whaur will I get a good sailor
Will tak the helm in hand,
Till I get up the tall tap-mast,
To see if I can spy land?’

‘ O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak the helm in hand,
Till ye get up the tall tap-mast—
But I fear ye’ll ne’er spy land.’

He hadna gane a step, a step,
 A step but barely ane,
 When a bout flew out o' the gude ship's side,
 And the saut sea it cam in.

'Gae, fetch a wab o' the silken claith,
 Anither o' the twine,
 And wap them into our gude ship's side,
 And let na the sea come in.'

They fetch'd a wab o' the silken claith,
 Anither o' the twine,
 And wap them into the gude ship's side,
 But aye the sea cam in.

'Ye'll pick her weel, an' span her weel,
 And mak her hale an' soun','
 But ere he had the words weel spoke
 The bonnie ship was down.

O laith, laith were our Scots lords' sons
 To weet their coal-black shoon,
 But lang ere a' the play was ower,
 They wat their hats abune.

And mony was the feather-bed
 That fluttered on the faem,
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair cam hame.

62 BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENS

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' the gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour
It's fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Old Ballad.

THE STORY TOLD BY THE BOOTS AT THE HOLLY-TREE INN.

Where had he been in his time? he repeated, when I asked him the question. Lord, he had been everywhere! And what had he been? Bless you, he had been everything you could mention a'most!

Seen a good deal? Why, of course he had. I should say so, he could assure me, if I only knew about a twentieth part of what had come in *his* way. Why, it would be easier for him, he expected, to tell what he hadn't seen than what he had. Ah! A deal, it would.

What was the curiourest thing he had seen? Well! He didn't know. He couldn't momentarily name what was the curiourest thing he had seen—unless it was a unicorn—and he see *him* once at a fair. But supposing a young gentleman not eight year old was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think *that* a queer start? Certainly. Then that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on, and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in—and they was so little that he couldn't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers's father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill there, six or seven miles from Lunnon. He was

64 THE STORY TOLD BY THE BOOTS

a gentleman of spirit, and good-looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call fire about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child ; but he didn't spoil him neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so fond of reading his fairy books, and was never tired of hearing him say my name is Norval, or hearing him sing his songs about young May moons is beaming love, and when he as adores thee has left but the name, and that ; still he kept the command over the child, and the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was !

How did boots happen to know all this ? Why, through being under-gardener. Of course he couldn't be under-gardener, and be always about, in the summer-time, near the windows on the lawn, a-mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the family. Even supposing Master Harry hadn't come to him one morning early, and said, ' Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked ? ' and then began cutting it in print all over the fence.

He couldn't say he had taken particular notice

of children before that ; but really it was pretty to see them two mites a-going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy ! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one, and she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says, speaking up, ' Cobbs,' he says, ' I like *you*.' ' Do you, sir ? I'm proud to hear it.' ' Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs ? ' ' Don't know, Master Harry, I am sure.' ' Because Norah likes you, Cobbs.' ' Indeed, sir ? That's very gratifying.' ' Gratifying, Cobbs ? It's better than millions of the brightest diamonds to be liked by Norah.' ' Certainly, sir.' ' You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs ? ' ' Yes, sir.' ' Would you like another situation, Cobbs ? ' ' Well, sir, I shouldn't object, if it was a good 'un.' ' Then, Cobbs,' says he, ' you shall be our head-gardener when we are married.' And he tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies, with their long, bright, curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful light tread, a-rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please 'em.

Sometimes they would creep under the tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks touching, a-reading about the prince and the dragon, and the good and bad enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. Once he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, 'Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in head-foremost.' And boots made no question he would have done it if she hadn't complied. On the whole, boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself—only he didn't exactly know who with.

'Cobbs,' said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers, 'I am going on a visit, this present midsummer, to my grandmamma's at York.'

'Are you indeed, sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire, myself, when I leave here.'

'Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?'

'No, sir. I haven't got such a thing.'

'Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?'

'No, sir.'

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers for a little while, and then said, 'I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbs—Norah's going.'

'You'll be all right then, sir,' says Cobbs, 'with your beautiful sweetheart by your side.'

'Cobbs,' returned the boy, flushing, 'I never let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent them.'

'It wasn't a joke, sir,' says Cobbs, with humility—'wasn't so meant.'

'I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us—Cobbs!'

'Sir.'

'What do you think my grandmother gives me when I go down there?'

'I couldn't so much as make a guess, sir.'

'A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs.'

'Whew!' says Cobbs, 'that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry.'

'A person could do a good deal with such a sum of money as that—couldn't a person, Cobbs?'

'I believe you, sir!'

'Cobbs,' said the boy, 'I'll tell you a secret. At Norah's house, they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged—pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!'

'Such, sir,' says Cobbs, 'is the depravity of human natur'.'

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood for a few minutes with his glowing face towards the sunset, and then departed with, 'Good-night, Cobbs, I'm going in.'

If I was to ask boots how it happened that he

was a-going to leave that place just at that present time, well, he couldn't rightly answer me. He did suppose he might have stayed there till now if he had been anyways inclined. But, you see, he was younger then, and he wanted change. That's what he wanted—change. Mr. Walmers, he said to him when he gave him notice of his intentions to leave, 'Cobbs,' he says, 'have you anythink to complain of? I make the inquiry because if I find that any of my people realy has anythink to complain of, I wish to make it right if I can.' 'No, sir,' says Cobbs; 'thanking you, sir, I find myself as well sitiuated here as I could 'hope to be anywheres. The truth is, sir, that I'm a-going to seek my fortun'.' 'Oh, indeed, Cobbs!' he says; 'I hope you may find it.' And boots could assure me—which he did, touching his hair with his bootjack, as a salute in the way of his present calling—that he hadn't found it yet.

Well, sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry, he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head (if she had had any), she was so wrapped up in him. What does that infant do—for infant you may call him and be within the mark—but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on a expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, boots was at this identical Holly-Tree Inn (having left it several times since to better himself, but always come back through one

thing or another), when, one summer afternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets them two children. The guard says to our governor, 'I don't quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman's words was, that they was to be brought here.' The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the guard something for himself; says to our governor, 'We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bedrooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!' and tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was, when these two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the angel—so much more so, when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give the governor his views of the expedition they was upon. 'Cobbs,' says the 'governor, 'if this is so, I must set off myself to York, and quiet their friends' minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon 'em, and humour 'em, till I come back. But before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinion is correct.' 'Sir, to you,' says Cobbs, 'that shall be done directly.'

So boots goes upstairs to the angel, and there he finds Master Harry on a e-normous sofa—immense at any time, but looking like the Great

Bed of Ware, compared with him—a-drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-handkercher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for boots to express to me how small them children looked.

‘It’s Cobbs ! It’s Cobbs !’ cries Master Harry, and comes running to him and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t’other side and catching hold of his t’other hand, and they both jump for joy.

‘I see you a-getting out, sir,’ says Cobbs. ‘I thought it was you. I thought I couldn’t be mistaken in your height and figure. What’s the object of your journey, sir?—matrimonial?’

‘We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Gretna Green,’ returned the boy. ‘We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs ; but she’ll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend.’

‘Thank you, sir, and thank *you*, miss,’ says Cobbs, ‘for your good opinion. *Did* you bring any luggage with you, sir?’

If I will believe boots when he gives me his word and honour upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush—seemingly a doll’s. The gentleman had got about half a dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprising small, an orange, and a chaney mug with his name upon it.

'What may be the exact natur' of your plans, sir?' says Cobbs.

'To go on,' replied the boy—which the courage of that boy was something wonderful!—'in the morning, and be married to-morrow.'

'Just so, sir,' says Cobbs. 'Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?'

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, 'Oh, yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!'

'Well, sir, says Cobbs. 'If you will excuse my having the freedom to give an opinion, what I should recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a pheayton that I could borrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior (myself driving, if you approved), to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn, and it could stand over.'

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him 'Good Cobbs!' and 'Dear Cobbs!' and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em that ever was born.

'Is there anything you want just at present, sir?' says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of himself.

‘We should like some cakes after dinner,’ answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at him, ‘and two apples—and jam. With dinner we should like to have toast and water. But Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I.’

‘It shall be ordered at the bar, sir,’ says Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at this minute of speaking as he had then, that he would far rather have had it out in half a dozen rounds with the governor than have combined with him; and that he wished with all his heart there was any impossible place where those two babies could make an impossible marriage, and live impossibly happy ever afterwards. However, as it couldn’t be, he went into the governor’s plans, and the governor set off for York in half an hour.

The way in which the women of that house—without exception—every one of ’em—married *and* single—took to that boy when they heard the story, boots considers surprising. It was as much as he could do to keep ’em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at him through a pane of glass. They was seven deep at the keyhole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening, boots went into the room to

see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

‘Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior, fatigued, sir?’ says Cobbs.

‘Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?’

‘I ask your pardon, sir,’ says Cobbs. ‘What was it you——’

‘I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them.’

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself; the lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross. ‘What should you think, sir,’ says Cobbs, ‘of a chamber candlestick?’ The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where boots softly locked him up.

Boots couldn’t but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was, when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk-and-water, and toast and currant jelly, over-night)

about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had grown up to be. Howsomever, he went on a-lying like a Trojan about the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfor'nately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he couldn't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But that he'd be finished clipping in the course of the day, and that to-morrow morning at eight o'clock the pheayton would be ready. Boots's view of the whole case, looking back on it in my room, is that Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior, was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and its getting in her eyes put her out. But nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a-tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast, boots is inclined to consider that they drawed soldiers—at least, he knows that many such was found in the fireplace, all on horse-back. In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell—it was surprising how that there boy did carry on—and said, in a sprightly way, 'Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighbourhood?'

'Yes, sir, says Cobbs. 'There's Love Lane.'

'Get out with you, Cobbs!—that was that there boy's expression—'you're joking.'

‘ Begging your pardon, sir,’ says Cobbs, ‘ there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior.’

‘ Norah, dear,’ said Master Harry, ‘ this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs.’

Boots leaves me to judge what a beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head-gardener, on accounts of his being so true a friend to ‘em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and swallowed him up, he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a-looking at him, and believing him. Well, sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took ‘em down Love Lane to the water-meadows, and there Master Harry would have drowned himself in half a moment more, a-getting out a water-lily for her—but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to ‘em, they was tired as tired could be. And they laid down on a bank of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots don’t know—perhaps I do—but never mind, it don’t signify either way—why it made a man fit to make a fool of himself to see them two pretty babies a-lying there in the clear still sunny

day, not dreaming half so hard when they was asleep as they done when they was awake. But, Lord ! when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how it's always either yesterday with you, or else to-morrow, and never to-day, that's where it is !

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then one thing was getting pretty clear to boots, namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmerses, junior's, temper was on the move. When Master Harry took her round the waist, she said he 'teased her so'; and when he says, 'Norah, my young May moon, your Harry tease you?' she tells him, 'Yes; and I want to go home !'

A biled fowl, and baked bread-and-butter pudding, brought Mrs. Walmers up a little ; but boots could have wished, he must privately own to me, to have seen her more sensible of the voice of love, and less abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry, he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night comes back the governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and a elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks 'amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, 'We are much indebted to you, ma'am,

for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray, ma'am, where is my boy?' Our missis says, 'Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show forty!' Then he says to Cobbs. 'Ah, Cobbs, I am glad to see *you*! I understood you was here!' And Cobbs says, 'Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir.'

I may be surprised to hear boots say it, perhaps; but boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going upstairs. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' says he, while unlocking the door; 'I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honour.' And boots signifies to me, that, if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have 'fetched him a crack,' and taken the consequences.

But Mr. Walmers only says, 'No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you!' And, the door being opened, goes in.

Boots goes in, too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers); and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

'Harry, my dear boy! Harry!'

Master Harry starts up and looks at him. Looks

at Cobbs, too. Such is the honour of that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see whether he has brought him into trouble.

‘I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home.’

‘Yes, pa.’

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands, at last, a-looking at his father: his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

‘Please may I’—the spirit of that little creature, and the way he kept his rising tears down!—‘please, dear pa—may I—kiss Norah before I go?’

‘You may, my child.’

So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bedroom, where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior, is fast asleep. There the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior, and gently draws it to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out, ‘It’s a shame to part ’em!’ But this chambermaid was always, as boots informs me, ‘a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers, junior, that was never to be (she married a captain long afterwards, and died in India), went off next day. In conclusion, boots put it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions: firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married who are half as innocent of guile as those two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time, and brought back separately.

DICKENS.—*Christmas Stories.*

A VISIT TO STONEHENGE.

After standing still a minute or two, considering what I should do, I moved down what appeared to be the street of a small straggling town; presently I passed by a church, which rose indistinctly on my right hand; anon there was the rustling of foliage and the rushing of waters. I reached a bridge, beneath which a small stream was running in the direction of the south. I stopped and leaned over the parapet, for I have always loved to look upon streams, especially at the still hours. 'What stream is this, I wonder?' said I, as I looked down from the parapet into the water, which whirled and gurgled below.

Leaving the bridge, I ascended a gentle acclivity, and presently reached what appeared to be a tract of moory undulating ground. It was now tolerably light, but there was a mist or haze abroad which prevented my seeing objects with much precision. I felt chill in the damp air of the early morn, and walked rapidly forward. In about half an hour I arrived where the road divided into two, at an angle or tongue of dark green sward. 'To the right or the left?' said I, and forthwith took, without knowing why, 'the left-hand road, along which I proceeded about a hundred yards, when, in the midst of the tongue of

sward formed by the two roads, collaterally with myself, I perceived what I at first conceived to be a small grove of blighted trunks of oaks, barked and gray. I stood still for a moment, and then, turning off the road, advanced slowly towards it over the sward; as I drew nearer, I perceived that the objects which had attracted my curiosity, and which formed a kind of circle, were not trees, but immense upright stones. A thrill pervaded my system; just before me were two, the mightiest of the whole, tall as the stems of proud oaks, supporting on their tops a huge transverse stone and forming a wonderful doorway. I knew now where I was, and, laying down my stick and bundle, and taking off my hat, I advanced slowly, and cast myself—it was folly, perhaps, but I could not help what I did—cast myself, with my face on the dewy earth, in the middle of the portal of giants, beneath the transverse stone.

The spirit of Stonehenge was strong upon me!

And after I had remained with my face on the ground for some time, I arose, placed my hat on my head, and, taking up my stick and bundle, wandered around the wondrous circle, examining each individual stone, from the greatest to the least; and then, entering by the great door, seated myself upon an immense broad stone, one side of which was supported by several small ones, and the other slanted upon the earth; and there, in deep meditation, I sat for an hour or two, till the

sun shone in my face above the tall stones of the eastern side.

And as I still sat there, I heard the noise of bells, and presently a large number of sheep came browsing past the circle of stones; two or three entered, and grazed upon what they could find, and soon a man also entered the circle at the northern side.

'Early sir, here,' said the man, who was tall, and dressed in a dark green slop, and had all the appearance of a shepherd; 'a traveller, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I am a traveller; are these sheep yours?'

'They are, sir; that is, they are my master's. A strange place this, sir,' said he, looking at the stones; 'ever here before?'

'Never in body, frequently in mind.'

'Heard of the stones, I suppose; no wonder—all the people of the plain talk of them.'

'What do the people of the plain say of them?'

'Why, they say—How did they ever come here?'

'Do they not suppose them to have been brought?'

'Who should have brought them?'

'I have read that they were brought by many thousand men.'

'Where from?'

'Ireland.'

'How did they bring them?'

'I don't know.'

'And what did they bring them for?'

'To form a temple, perhaps.'

'What is that?'

'A place to worship God in.'

'A strange place to worship God in.'

'Why?'

'It has no roof.'

'Yes, it has.'

'Where?' said the man, looking up.

'What do you see above you?'

'The sky.'

'Well?'

'Well!'

'Have you anything to say?'

'How did those stones come here?'

'Are there other stones like these on the plains?' said I.

'None; and yet there are plenty of strange things on these downs.'

'What are they?'

'Strange heaps, and barrows, and great walls of earth built on the top of hills.'

'Do the people of the plain wonder how they came there?'

'They do not.'

'Why?'

'They were raised by hands.'

'And these stones?'

'How did they ever come here?'

'I wonder whether they are here?' said I.

'These stones?'

‘ Yes.’

‘ So sure as the world,’ said the man ; ‘ and as the world, they will stand as long.’

‘ I wonder whether there is a world.’

‘ What do you mean ?’

‘ An earth and sea, moon and stars, sheep and men.’

‘ Do you doubt it ?’

‘ Sometimes.’

‘ I never heard it doubted before.’

‘ It is impossible there should be a world.’

‘ It ain’t possible there shouldn’t be a world.’

‘ Just so.’ At this moment a fine ewe, attended by a lamb, rushed into the circle and fondled the knees of the shepherd.

‘ I suppose you would not care to have some milk ?’ said the man.

‘ Why do you suppose so ?’

‘ Because, so be, there be no sheep, no milk, you know ; and what there ben’t is not worth having.’

‘ You could not have argued better,’ said I ; ‘ that is, supposing you have argued ; with respect to the milk you may do as you please.’

‘ Be still, Nanny,’ said the man ; and producing a tin vessel from his scrip, he milked the ewe into it. ‘ Here is milk of the plains, master,’ said the man, as he handed the vessel to me.

‘ Where are those barrows and great walls of earth you were speaking of,’ said I, after I had

drunk some of the milk; 'are there any near where we are?'

'Not within many miles; the nearest is yonder away,' said the shepherd, pointing to the south-east. 'It's a grand place, that, but not like this; quite different, and from it you have a sight of the finest spire in the world.'

'I must go to it,' said I, and I drank the remainder of the milk; 'yonder, you say.'

'Yes, yonder; but you cannot get to it in that direction, the river lies between.'

'What river?'

'The Avon.'

'Avon is British,' said I.

'Yes,' said the man, 'we are all British here.'

'No, we are not,' said I.

'What are we, then?'

'English.'

'A'n't they one?'

'No.'

'Who were the British?'

'The men who are supposed to have worshipped God in this place, and who raised these stones.'

'Where are they now?'

'Our forefathers slaughtered them, spilled their blood all about, especially in this neighbourhood, destroyed their pleasant places, and left not, to use their own words, one stone upon another.'

'Yes, they did,' said the shepherd, looking aloft at the transverse stone.

‘ And it is well for them they did ; whenever that stone, which English hands never raised, is by English hands thrown down, woe, woe, woe to the English race ; spare it, English ! Hengist spared it !—Here is sixpence.’

‘ I won’t have it,’ said the man.

‘ Why not ?’

‘ You talk so prettily about these stones ; you seem to know all about them.’

‘ I never receive presents ; with respect to the stones, I say with yourself, How did they ever come here ?’

‘ How did they ever come here ?’ said the shepherd.

GEORGE BORROW.—*Lavengro.*

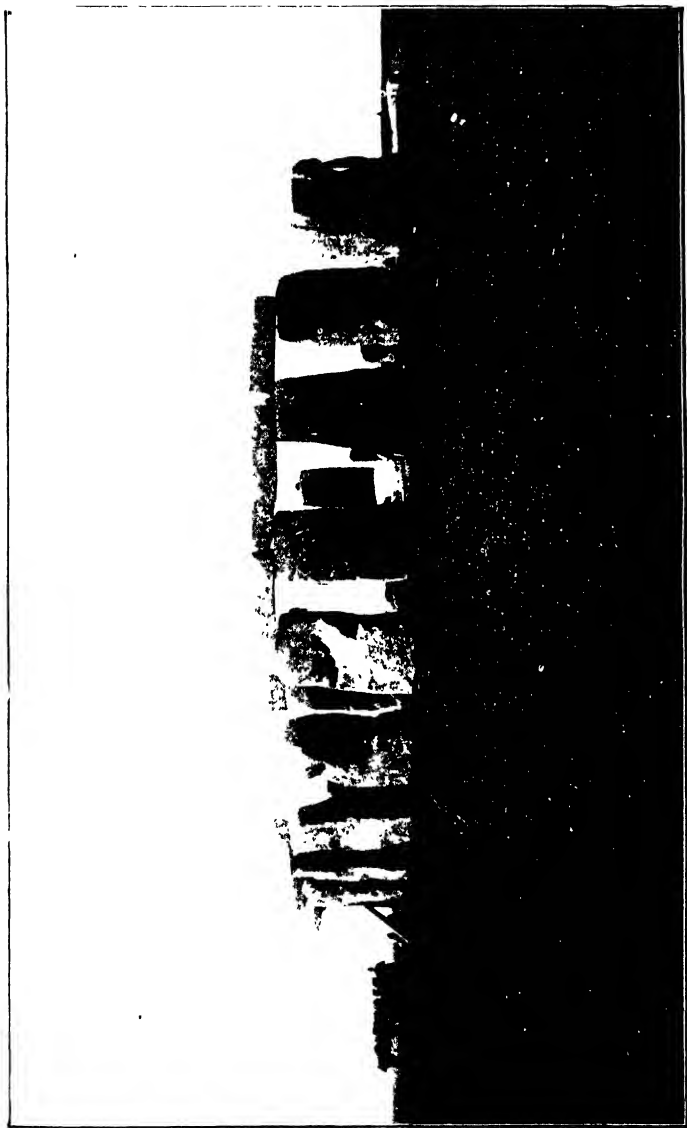


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Stonehenge.

SIR CALIDORE AND THE OLD SHEPHERD

‘How much,’ said he,¹ ‘more happy is the state
‘In which ye, father, here do dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which toss the rest in dangerous disease;
Where wars, and wrecks, and wicked enmity
Do them afflict, which no man can appease;
That, certes, I your happiness envý,
And wish my lot were placed in such felicity!’

‘Surely, my son,’ then answer’d he again,
‘If happy, then it is in this intent,
That having small, yet do I not complain
Of want, nor wish for more it to augment,
But do myself, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth little need
Of foreign helps to life’s due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flock my raiment breed;
No better do I wear, no better do I feed.

‘Therefore I do not any one envý,
Nor am envied of any one therefore:
They that have much, fear much to lose
thereby,

¹ The knight, Sir Calidore, who after many adventures is resting at the shepherd’s cottage.

And store of cares doth follow riches' store.
 The little that I have grows daily more
 Without my care, but only to attend it;
 My lambs do every year increase their score,
 And my flock's father daily doth amend it.
 What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth
 send it?

' To them, that list, the world's gay shows I leave,
 And to great ones such follies do forgive;
 Which oft through pride do their own peril
 weave,
 And through ambition down themselves do
 drive
 To sad decay, that might contented live.
 Me no such cares nor cumbrous thoughts offend,
 Nor once my mind's unmoved quiet grieve :
 But all the night in silver sleep I spend,
 And all the day, to what I list I do attend.

' Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
 Unto my lambs, and him dislodge away ;
 Sometime the fawn I practise from the doe,
 Or from the goat her kid, how to convey ;
 Another while I baits and nets display
 The birds to catch or fishes to beguile ;
 And, when I weary am, I down do lay
 My limbs in every shade to rest from toil,
 And drink of every brook, when thirst my throat
 doth boil.

'The time was once, in my first prime of years,
 When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
 That I disdain'd amongst mine equal peers
 To follow sheep and shepherd's base attire :
 For further fortune then I would inquire ;
 And, leaving home, to royal court I sought,
 . Where I did sell myself for yearly hire,
 And in the Prince's garden daily wrought :
 There I beheld such vainness as I never thought.

'With sight whereof soon cloy'd, and long deluded
 With idle hopes which them do entertain,
 After I had ten years myself excluded
 From native home, and spent my youth in vain,
 I gan my follies to myself to plain,
 And this sweet peace, whose lack did then
 appear :
 Then, back returning to my sheep again,
 I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more
 dear
 This lowly quiet life which I inherit here.'

SPENSER.—*The Faerie Queene.*

MOONLIGHT AT BELMONT.

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright!—In such a night
as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And, with an unthrift love, did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well—

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come :
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I
pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from
him.—

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from my master with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter;—why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit* STEPHANO.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter MUSICIANS.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood—
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods ;

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :
How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less :
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by ; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the
house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect ;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the
lark

When neither is attended ; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be
thought

No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection !—
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked ! [*Music ceases.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

[*A tucket sounds.*]

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his
trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight
sick—
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

SHAKESPEARE.—*The Merchant of Venice.*

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.

Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend, Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing ; he has likewise given

a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling

out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has

promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire to be revenged on the parson never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists, and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF FERGUS MAC-IVOR.

Edward, attended by his former servant Alick Polwarth, who had re-entered his service at Edinburgh, reached Carlisle while the commission of Oyer and Terminer on his unfortunate associates was yet sitting. He had pushed forward in haste, not, alas! with the most distant hope of saving Fergus, but to see him for the last time. I ought to have mentioned that he had furnished funds for the defence of the prisoners in the most liberal manner, as soon as he heard that the day of trial was fixed. A solicitor and the first counsel accordingly attended; but it was upon the same footing on which the first physicians are usually summoned to the bedside of some dying man of rank—the doctors to take the advantage of some incalculable chance of an exertion of nature, the lawyers to avail themselves of the barely possible occurrence of some legal flaw. Edward pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and agitation, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar. The verdict of Guilty was already pronounced. Edward

just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them ; but he was recalled to himself as the Clerk of Arraighs pronounced the solemn words: ‘ Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor in the Dhu of Tarrascleugh, otherwise called Evan Dhu, otherwise called Evan Maccombich, or Evan Dhu Maccombich—you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the Court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law ? ’

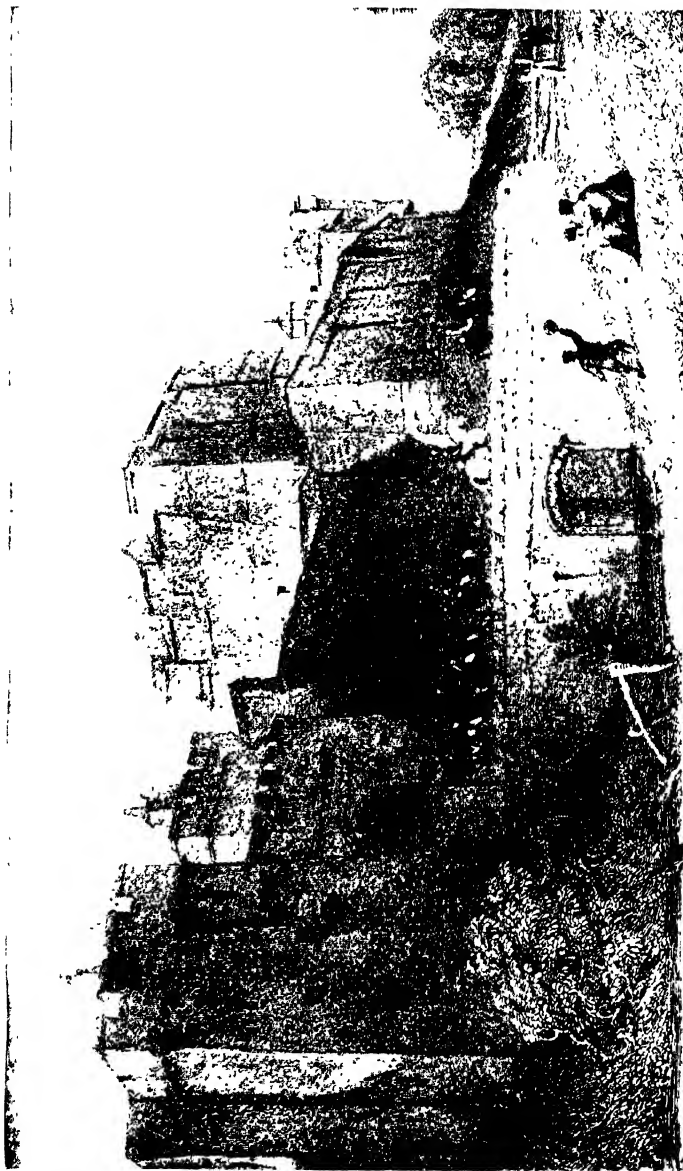
Fergus, as the presiding Judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice, ‘ I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday and the day before you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have

perilled it in this quarrel.' He resumed his seat and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The Judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

'I was only ganging to say, my lord,' said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, 'that if your excellent honour, and the honourable Court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man.'

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court, at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, 'If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing,' he said, 'because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life



From an old print

Carlisle Castle.

of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman nor the honour of a gentleman.'

•There was no further inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. 'For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor,' continued the Judge, 'I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter.'

'I desire nothing else, my lord,' answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually bent on his Chief, were moistened with a tear. 'For you, poor ignorant man,' continued the Judge, 'who, following the ideas in which you have been educated, have this day given us a striking example how the loyalty due to the king and state alone is, from your unhappy ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual who ends by making you the tool of his crimes—for you, I say, I feel so much compassion that, if you can make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you. Other-wise——'

‘Grace me no grace,’ said Evan; ‘since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr’s blood, the only favour I would accept from you is to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are!’

‘Remove the prisoners,’ said the Judge; ‘his blood be upon his own head.’

Almost stupefied with his feelings, Edward found that the rush of the crowd had conveyed him out into the street ere he knew what he was doing. His immediate wish was to see and speak with Fergus once more. He applied at the Castle where his unfortunate friend was confined, but was refused admittance. ‘The High Sheriff,’ a non-commissioned officer said, ‘had requested of the governor that none should be admitted to see the prisoner excepting his confessor and his sister.’

‘And where was Miss Mac-Ivor?’ They gave him the direction. It was the house of a respectable Catholic family near Carlisle.

Repulsed from the gate of the Castle, and not venturing to make application to the High Sheriff or Judges in his own unpopular name, he had recourse to the solicitor who came down in Fergus’s behalf. This gentleman told him that it was thought the public mind was in danger of being debauched by the account of the last moments of these persons, as given by the friends of the Pretender; that there had been a resolution, therefore, to exclude all such persons as had not

the plea of near kindred for attending upon them. Yet he promised (to oblige the heir of Waverley-Honour) to get him an order for admittance to the prisoner the next morning, before his irons were knocked off for execution.

‘Is it of Fergus Mac-Ivor they speak thus,’ thought Waverley, ‘or do I dream? Of Fergus, the bold, the chivalrous, the free-minded, the lofty chieftain of a tribe devoted to him? Is it he, that I have seen lead the chase and head the attack, the brave, the active, the young, the noble, the love of ladies, and the theme of song—is it he who is ironed like a malefactor, who is to be dragged on a hurdle to the common gallows, to die a lingering and cruel death, and to be mangled by the hand of the most outcast of wretches? Evil indeed was the spectre that boded such a fate as this to the brave Chief of Glennaquoich!’

After a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted.

The place of Fergus’s confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the Castle; a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks,

seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison to fling himself into his friend's arms.

'My dear Edward,' he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, 'this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. And how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I trust, since I see you at freedom. And how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear and boot-jack?'

'How, oh, how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment!'

'Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure; on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most—the Prince? has he escaped the bloodhounds?'

'He has, and is in safety.'

'Praised be God for that! Tell me the particulars of his escape.'

Waverley communicated that remarkable history, so far as it had then transpired, to which Fergus listened with deep interest. He then asked after several other friends; and made many minute inquiries concerning the fate of his own clansmen. They had suffered less than other tribes who had been engaged in the affair; for, having in a great measure dispersed and returned home after the captivity of their Chieftain, according to the universal custom of the Highlanders, they were not in arms when the insurrection was finally suppressed, and consequently were treated with less rigour. This Fergus heard with great satisfaction.

‘You are rich,’ he said, ‘Waverley, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprise you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?’

Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he afterwards so amply redeemed that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.

‘Would to God,’ continued the Chieftain, ‘I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race; or at

least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms, and be to you what he has been to me, the kindest, the bravest, the most devoted——’

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth fell fast for that of his foster-brother.

‘But,’ said he, drying them, ‘that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr; and these three magic words,’ said he, half smiling, ‘are the only *Open Sesame* to their feelings and sympathies, and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life.’

‘And I am sure,’ said Maccombich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still that, in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence—‘I am sure Evan never desired or deserved a better end than just to die with his Chieftain.’

‘And now,’ said Fergus, ‘while we are upon the subject of clanship—what think you now of the prediction of the Bodach Glas?’ Then, before Edward could answer, ‘I saw him again last night: he stood in the slip of moonshine which fell from that high and narrow window towards my bed. “Why should I fear him?” I thought; “to-morrow, long ere this time, I shall be as immaterial as he.” “False spirit,” I said, “art thou come to close thy walks on earth and to enjoy thy triumph in the fall of the last descendant of thine

enemy?'' The spectre seemed to beckon and to smile, as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it? I asked the same question of the priest, who is a good and sensible man; he admitted that the church allowed that such apparitions were possible, but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon it, as imagination plays us such strange tricks. What do you think of it?'

'Much as your confessor,' said Waverley, willing to avoid dispute upon such a point at such a moment. A tap at the door now announced that good man, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the Church of Rome prescribes.

In about an hour he was re-admitted; soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.

'You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage; we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm!'

Edward afterwards learned that these severe precautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded.

Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. 'This is the last turn out,' said

Fergus, 'that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part let us speak of Flora—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me.'

'We part not *here!*' said Waverley.

'Oh, yes, we do; you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself,' he said proudly. 'Nature has her tortures as well as art, and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder in the space of a short half-hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly may kill a living friend to look upon. This same law of high treason,' he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, 'is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland; her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other—when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies—they will blot it from their records as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummary, too, of exposing the senseless head—they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly.'

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horse's

feet, was now heard in the courtyard of the Castle. 'As I have told you why you must not follow me, and these sounds admonish me that my time flies fast, tell me how you found poor Flora.'

Waverley, with a voice interrupted by suffocating sensations, gave some account of the state of her mind.

'Poor Flora!' answered the Chief, 'she could have borne her own sentence of death, but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state—long, long may Rose and you enjoy it!—but you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans like Flora and me, left alone as it were in the world, and being all in all to each other from our very infancy. But her strong sense of duty and predominant feeling of loyalty will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed away. She will then think of Fergus as of the heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell.'

'Shall she not see you then?' asked Waverley. 'She seemed to expect it.'

'A necessary deceit will spare her the last dreadful parting. I could not part with her without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have power to extort them. She was made to believe she would see me at a later hour, and this letter, which my confessor will deliver, will apprise her that all is over.'

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich. 'I come,' said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge or hurdle on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. 'This is well got up for a closing scene,' said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, 'These are the very chieftains that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however.' The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. 'God save King George!' said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, 'God save King *James!*' These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the

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courtyard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupefied, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length, a female servant of the governor's, struck with compassion at the stupefied misery which his countenance expressed, asked him if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her, but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the Castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets till he regained his inn, then rushed into an apartment and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprised him that all was finished, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene.

The next morning ere day-light he took leave of the town of Carlisle, promising to himself never again to enter its walls.

SCOTT.— *Waverley*.

THE SWALLOW.

I

The house-swallow, or chimney-swallow, is undoubtedly the first comer of all the British *hirundines*; and appears in general on or about the thirteenth of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. Not but now and then a straggler is seen much earlier: and, in particular, when I was a boy I observed a swallow for a whole day together on a sunny warm Shrove Tuesday; which day could not fall out later than the middle of March, and often happened early in February.

It is worth remarking that these birds are seen first about lakes and mill-ponds; and it is also very particular, that if these early visitors happen to find frost and snow, as was the case of the two dreadful springs of 1770 and 1771, they immediately withdraw for a time; a circumstance this much more in favour of hiding than migration; since it is much more probable that a bird should retire to its hybernaculum just at hand, than return for a week or two only to warmer latitudes.

The swallow, though called the chimney-swallow, by no means builds altogether in

chimneys, but often within barns and out-houses against the rafters; and so she did in Virgil's time.

In Sweden she builds in barns, and is called *ladu swala*, the barn-swallow. Besides, in the warmer parts of Europe there are no chimneys to houses, except they are English-built: in these countries she constructs her nest in porches, and gateways, and galleries, and open halls.

Here and there a bird may affect some odd peculiar place; as we have known a swallow build down the shaft of an old well, through which chalk had been formerly drawn up for the purpose of manure: but in general with us this *hirundo* breeds in chimneys; and loves to haunt those stacks where there is a constant fire, no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a fire; but prefers one adjoining to that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of that funnel, as I have often observed with some degree of wonder.

Five or six or more feet down the chimney does this little bird begin to form her nest about the middle of May, which consists, like that of the house-martin, of a crust or shell composed of dirt or mud, mixed with short pieces of straw to render it tough and permanent; with this difference that whereas the shell of the martin is nearly hemispheric, that of the swallow is open at the top, and like half a deep dish: this nest is lined

with fine grasses, and feathers which are often collected as they float in the air.

Wonderful is the address which this adroit bird shows all day long in ascending and descending with security through so narrow a pass. When hovering over the mouth of the funnel, the vibrations of her wings acting on the confined air occasion a rumbling like thunder. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low in the shaft, in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds, and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted with red specks; and brings out her first brood about the last week in June, or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing: first, they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below: for a day or so they are fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called perchers. In a day or two more they become flyers, but are still unable to take their own food; therefore they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies; and when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards

each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of Nature that has not often remarked this feat.

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from her first; which at once associates with the first broods of house-martins; and with them congregates, clustering on sunny roofs, towers, and trees. This *hirundo* brings out her second brood towards the middle and end of August.

All the summer long is the swallow a most instructive pattern of unwearied industry and affection; for, from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues, and long walks under hedges, and pasture-fields, and mown meadows where cattle graze, are her delight, especially if there are trees interspersed, because in such spots insects most abound. When a fly is taken, a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the shutting of a watch-case; but the motion of the mandibles are too quick for the eye.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins, and other little birds, announcing the approach of birds of prey. For as soon as an hawk appears, with a shrill alarming

note he calls all the swallows and martins about him, who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village, darting down from above on his back, and rising in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird also will sound the alarm, and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach the nests. Each species of *hirundo* drinks as it flies along, sipping the surface of the water; but the swallow alone, in general, washes on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together. In very hot weather house-martins and bank-martins dip and wash a little.

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny weather sings both perching and flying; on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney-tops: is also a bold flier, ranging to distant downs and commons even in windy weather, which the other species seem much to dislike; nay, even frequenting exposed sea-port towns, and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which plays before and behind them, sweeping around, and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet. When the wind blows hard, without this expedient, they are often forced to settle to pick up their lurking prey.

This species feeds much on little *coleoptera*,
W o. L. — VI. H

as well as on gnats and flies: and often settles on dug ground, or paths, for gravels to grind and digest its food. Before they depart, for some weeks, to a bird they forsake houses and chimneys, and roost in trees, and usually withdraw about the beginning of October, though some few stragglers may appear on at times till the first week in November.

Some few pairs haunt the new and open streets of London next the fields, but do not enter, like the house-martin, the close and crowded parts of the city.

Both male and female are distinguished from their congeners by the length and forkedness of their tails. They are undoubtedly the most nimble of all the species: and when the male pursues the female in amorous chase, they then go beyond their usual speed, and exert a rapidity almost too quick for the eye to follow.

After this circumstantial detail of the life of the swallow, I shall add, for your further amusement, an anecdote or two not much in favour of her sagacity:—

A certain swallow built for two years together on the handles of a pair of garden-shears, that were stuck up against the boards of an out-house, and therefore must have her nest spoiled whenever that implement was wanted. And, what is stranger still, another bird of the same species built its nest on the wings and body of an owl that happened by accident to hang dead and dry from the rafter

of a barn. This owl, with the nest on its wings, and with the eggs in the nest, was brought as a curiosity worthy the most elegant private museum in Great Britain. The owner, struck with the oddity of the sight, furnished the bringer with a large shell, or conch, desiring him to fix it just where the owl hung: the person did as he was ordered, and the following year a pair, probably the same pair, built their nest in the conch, and laid their eggs.

The owl and the conch make a strange grotesque appearance, and are not the least curious specimens in that wonderful collection of art and nature.¹

Thus is instinct in animals, taken the least out of its way, an undistinguishing, limited faculty, and blind to every circumstance that does not immediately respect self-preservation, or lead at once to the propagation or support of their species.

GILBERT WHITE.—*The Natural History of Selborne.*

¹Sir Ashton Lever's Museum.

THE SWALLOW.

2

‘ O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

‘ O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

‘ O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

‘ O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

‘ Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with
love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green ?

‘ O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown :
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

‘ O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

‘ O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her
mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.’

TENNYSON.—*The Princess*.

MACBETH'S CASTLE.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

SHAKESPEARE.

PRINCE HAL AND THE JUDGE.

The most renowned prince, King Henry the Fifth, late King of England, during the life of his father was noted to be fierce and of wanton courage. It happened that one of his servants whom he well favoured, for felony by him committed, was arraigned at the king's bench ; whereof he being advertised, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved and set at liberty, whereat all men were abashed, reserved¹ the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented that his servant might be ordered according to the ancient laws of the realm, or if he would have him saved from the rigour of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, of the king, his father, his gracious pardon ; whereby no law or justice should be derogate. With which answer the prince nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavoured himself to take away his servant. The judge considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might thereby ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince upon his allegiance to leave the prisoner and depart his way. With which commandment

¹ reserved : except.

the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed, and in a terrible manner, came up to the place of judgment—men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage: but the judge sitting still, without moving, declaring the majesty of the king's place of judgment, and with an assured and bold countenance, had to the prince these words following: 'Sir, remember yourself; I keep here the place of the king, your sovereign lord and father, to whom ye owe double obedience, wherefore eftsoons in his name, I charge you desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the king's bench, whereunto I commit you; until the pleasure of the king, your father, be further known.' With which words being abashed, and also marvelling at the wondrous gravity of that worshipful Justice, the noble prince, laying his weapon apart, doing reverence, departed and went to the king's bench as he was commanded. Whereat his servants disdainingly, came and showed to the king all the whole affair. Whereat he a while studying, after as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up toward heaven, abrayded,¹ saying with a loud voice: 'O merciful God, how much am I, above all other men, bound to your infinite goodness; specially for

¹ abrayded : started as if in a dream.

that ye have given me a judge, who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer semblably¹ and obey justice?'

Now here a man may behold three persons worthy excellent memory. First a judge who, being a subject, feared not to execute justice on the eldest son of his sovereign lord, and by the order of nature his successor. Also a prince and son and heir of the king, in the midst of his fury, more considered his evil example and the judge's constancy in justice, than his own estate or wilful appetite. Thirdly, a noble king and wise father, who, contrary to the custom of parents, rejoiced to see his son and the heir of his crown, to be for his disobedience by his subject corrected.

Wherefore I conclude that nothing is more honourable, or to be desired in a prince or nobleman, than placability. As contrary wise, nothing is so detestable, or to be feared in such one, as wrath and cruel malignity.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT.—*The Governor.*

¹semblably : similarly.

THE MEN IN BUCKRAM.

Eastcheap. *A room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter POINS.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me,—and when I am king of England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped

even now into my hand by an under-skinker ;¹ one that never spake other English in his life than, *Eight shillings and sixpence, and You are welcome ;* with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, sir ! Score a pint of bastard² in the Half-moon, or so.* But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar ; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but *anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [Exit POINS.

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord ?

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis ?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to,—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest

¹ under-skinker : tapster.

² bastard : a sweet Spanish wine.

thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart,—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be,—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; FRANCIS stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit VINTNER.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil-age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen, an hour after,—a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and he shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; followed by FRANCIS with wine.

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them

too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, woolsack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that:—and Pains there?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders,—you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. *[He drinks.]*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum!*—I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid,—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly



Photo London Stereo Co.

The late Sir H. B. Tree as Falstaff.

WOT ME

1

thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four even now in buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'thee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knot-pated fool, thou greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these

men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish,—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,¹—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy,

¹ standing-tuck : a rapier standing on its end.

and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors [*to HOSTESS within*]:—watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess!—
What sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman
of the court at door would speak with you: he
says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him
a royal man, and send him back again to my
mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at
midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs:—by'r lady, you fought
fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph:
you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct,
you will not touch the true prince; no,—
fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, how came
Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger;
and said he would swear truth out of England,
but he would make you believe it was done in
fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-
grass to make them bleed; and then to be-
slubber our garments with it, and swear it was
the blood of true men. I did that I did not this

seven year before,—I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rankest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.—Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado,

and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen,—the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying?

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run;—

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running.

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct.—Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news. Tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father.

[*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* HOST., FRAN., and BARD.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue!—

Re-enter HOSTESS, *hastily.*

Host. O, my lord, my lord,—

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter SHERIFF and CARRIER.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath followed certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,—

A gross fat man.

Car.

As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here ;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charg'd withal :

And so, let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so : if he have robb'd
these men

He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good-night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two
o'clock. [*Excunt SHERIFF and CARRIER.*]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as
Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras,
and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. [*Reads.*] Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.
 Item, Sauce, Os. 4d.
 Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
 Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.
 Item, Bread, Os. $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good-morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good-morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SHAKESPEARE.—*King Henry IV.*

AN ANECDOTE OF GEORGE HERBERT.

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice a week, on certain appointed days, to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; and at his return would say: 'That his time spent in prayer, and cathedral-music, elevated his soul and was his heaven upon earth.' But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, 'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.'

And as his desire to enjoy his heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others.

In one of his walks to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load: they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to

unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man: and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him that if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him 'He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, 'That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let's tune our instruments.'

IZAAK WALTON.—*Life of Mr. George Herbert.*

LOVE.

'Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.'

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked any thing.

'A guest,' I answered, 'worthy to be here.'
Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my Dear,
I cannot look on Thee.'
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes, but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marred them; let my
shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'who bore the
blame?'
'My Dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my
meat.'
So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT.—*The Temple.*

ANECDOTES OF DR. JOHNSON.

I

One night when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled and with great good humour agreed with their proposal: 'What, is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.' He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent-Garden, where the green-grocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them; but the honest gardeners stared so at his figure and manner, and odd interference, that he soon saw his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called Bishop,

which Johnson had always liked; while in joyous contempt of sleep, from which he had been roused, he repeated the festive lines,

Short, O short then be thy reign,
And give us to the world again!

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Beauclerk and Johnson were so well pleased with their amusement, that they resolved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day: but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for 'leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched *un-idea'd* girls.' Garrick, being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, 'I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the *Chronicle*.' Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, '*He* durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not let him!'

2

The late Alexander Earl of Eglinton, who loved wit more than wine, and men of genius more than sycophants, had a great admiration for Johnson; but from the remarkable elegance of his own manners, was, perhaps, too delicately sensible of the roughness which sometimes appeared in Johnson's behaviour. One evening about this time, when his Lordship did me the

honour to sup at my lodgings with Dr. Robertson and several other men of literary distinction, he regretted that Johnson had not been educated with more refinement, and lived more in polished society. 'No, no, my Lord, (said Signor Baretto) do with him what you would, he would always have been a bear.' 'True, (answered the Earl with a smile) but he would have been a *dancing* bear.'

To obviate all the reflections which have gone round the world to Johnson's prejudice, by applying to him the epithet of a bear, let me impress upon my readers a just and happy saying of my friend Goldsmith, who knew him well: 'Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. *He has nothing of the bear but his skin.*'

3

Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered on all occasions, calling them 'pretty dears' and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition. His uncommon kindness to his servants, and serious concern, not only for their comfort in this world, but their happiness in the next, was another unquestionable evidence of what all, who were intimately acquainted with him, knew to be true.

Nor would it be just, under this head, to omit

the fondness which he showed for animals which he had taken under his protection. I never shall forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat; for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants having that trouble should take a dislike to the poor creature. I am, unluckily, one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy when in the room with one; and I own, I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of this same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend smiling and half-whistling, rubbed down his back and pulled him by the tail; and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'Why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this,' and then, as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'But he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.'

4

He this autumn (1783) received a visit from the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. When Mrs. Siddons¹ came into the room, there happened to be no chair ready for her, which he observing, said with a smile, 'Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself.'

BOSWELL.—*Life of Dr. Johnson.*

¹ Mrs. Siddons was a famous actress.



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Py. Reynolds

Dr. Johnson.

THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

I

Although the character of those gipsy tribes which formerly inundated most of the nations of Europe, and which in some degree still subsist among them as a distinct people, is generally understood, the reader will pardon my saying a few words respecting their situation in Scotland.

It is well known that the gipsies were, at an early period, acknowledged as a separate and independent race by one of the Scottish monarchs, and that they were less favourably distinguished by a subsequent law, which rendered the character of gipsy equal, in the judicial balance, to that of common and habitual thief, and prescribed his punishment accordingly. Notwithstanding the severity of this and other statutes, the fraternity prospered amid the distresses of the country, and received large accessions from among those whom famine, oppression, or the sword of war, had deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence. They lost, in a great measure, by this intermixture, the national character of Egyptians, and became a mingled race, having all the idleness and predatory habits of their Eastern ancestors, with a ferocity which they probably borrowed from the

men of the north who joined their society. They travelled in different bands, and had rules among themselves, by which each tribe was confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which had been assigned to another tribe produced desperate skirmishes, in which there was often much blood shed.

The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labour, commanded a certain awe, which was not diminished by the consideration, that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check, either of fear or conscience, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them. These tribes were, in short, the *Parias* of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and, like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits, and opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilised part of the community. Some hordes of them yet remain, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape either into a waste country, or into another jurisdiction. Nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers, however, are so greatly diminished, that, instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by Fletcher, it would now perhaps be impossible to collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland.

A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Meg Merrilies appertained, had long been as stationary as their habits permitted, in a glen upon the estate

of Ellangowan. They had there erected a few huts, which they denominated their 'city of refuge,' and where, when not absent on excursions, they harboured unmolested, as the crows that roosted in the old ash-trees around them. They had been such long occupants, that they were considered in some degree as proprietors of the wretched shealings which they inhabited. This protection they were said anciently to have repaid, by service to the laird in war, or, more frequently, by infecting or plundering the lands of those neighbouring barons with whom he chanced to be at feud. Latterly, their services were of a more pacific nature. The women spun mittens for the lady, and knitted boot-hose for the laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form. The aged sibyls blessed the bridal bed of the laird when he married, and the cradle of the heir when born. The men repaired her ladyship's cracked china, and assisted the laird in his sporting parties, wormed his dogs, and cut the ears of his terrier puppies. The children gathered nuts in the woods, and cranberries in the moss, and mushrooms on the pastures, for tribute to the Place. These acts of voluntary service, and acknowledgments of dependence, were rewarded by protection on some occasions, connivance on others, and broken victuals, ale, and brandy, when circumstances called for a display of generosity; and this mutual intercourse of good offices, which had been carried on for at least two centuries,

rendered the inhabitants of Derncleugh a kind of privileged retainers upon the estate of Ellangowan. 'The knaves' were the Laird's 'exceeding good friends'; and he would have deemed himself very ill-used, if his countenance could not now and then have borne them out against the law of the country and the local magistrate. But this friendly union was soon to be dissolved.

The community of Derncleugh, who cared for no rogues but their own, were wholly without alarm at the severity of the justice's proceedings toward other itinerants. They had no doubt that he determined to suffer no mendicants or strollers in the country, but what resided on his own property, and practised their trade by his immediate permission, implied or expressed. Nor was Mr. Bertram in a hurry to exert his newly-acquired authority at the expense of these old settlers. But he was driven on by circumstances.

At the quarter-sessions, our new justice was publicly upbraided by a gentleman of the opposite party in county politics, that, while he affected a great zeal for the public police, and seemed ambitious of the fame of an active magistrate, he fostered a tribe of the greatest rogues in the country, and permitted them to harbour within a mile of the house of Ellangowan. To this there was no reply, for the fact was too evident and well known. The Laird digested the taunt as he best could, and in his way home amused himself with speculations on the easiest method of ridding

himself of these vagrants, who brought a stain upon his fair fame as a magistrate. Just as he had resolved to take the first opportunity of quarrelling with the Parias of Derncleugh, a cause of provocation presented itself.

Since our friend's advancement to be a conservator of the peace, he had caused the gate at the head of his avenue, which formerly, having only one hinge, remained at all times hospitably open—he had caused this gate, I say, to be newly hung and handsomely painted. He had also shut up with paling, curiously twisted with furze, certain holes in the fences adjoining, through which the gipsy boys used to scramble into the plantations to gather birds' nests, the seniors of the village to make a short cut from one point to another, and the lads and lasses for evening rendezvous—all without offence taken, or leave asked. But these halcyon days were now to have an end, and a minatory inscription on one side of the gate intimated 'prosecution according to law' (the painter had spelt it *persecution*—*l'un vaut bien l'autre*) to all who should be found trespassing on these enclosures. On the other side, for uniformity's sake, was a precautionary annunciation of spring-guns, and man-traps of such formidable powers, that, said the rubrick, with an emphatic *nota bene*—'if a man goes in, they will break a horse's leg.'

In defiance of these threats, six well-grown gipsy boys and girls were riding cock-horse upon

the new gate, and plaiting May-flowers, which it was but too evident had been gathered within the forbidden precincts. With as much anger as he was capable of feeling, or perhaps of assuming, the Laird commanded them to descend;—they paid no attention to his mandate: he then began to pull them down one after another;—they resisted, passively at least, each sturdy bronzed varlet making himself as heavy as he could, or climbing up as fast as he was dismounted.

The Laird then called in the assistance of his servant, a surly fellow, who had immediate recourse to his horse-whip. A few lashes sent the party a-scampering; and thus commenced the first breach of the peace between the house of Ellangowan and the gipsies of Derncleugh.

The latter could not for some time imagine that the war was real; until they found that their children were horse-whipped by the grieve when found trespassing; that their asses were pounded by the ground-officer when left in the plantations, or even when turned to graze by the roadside, against the provision of the turnpike acts; that the constable began to make curious inquiries into their mode of gaining a livelihood, and expressed his surprise that the men should sleep in the hovels all day, and be abroad the greater part of the night.

When matters came to this point, the gipsies, without scruple, entered upon measures of retaliation. Ellangowan's hen-roosts were plundered,

his linen stolen from the lines or bleaching ground, his fishings poached, his dogs kidnapped, his growing trees cut or barked. Much petty mischief was done, and some evidently for the mischief's sake. On the other hand, warrants went forth, without mercy, to pursue, search for, take, and apprehend; and, notwithstanding their dexterity, one or two of the depredators were unable to avoid conviction. One, a stout young fellow, who sometimes had gone to sea a-fishing, was handed over to the Captain of the impress service at D——; two children were soundly flogged, and one Egyptian matron sent to the house of correction.

2

The Laird had, by this time, determined to make root-and-branch work with the Maroons of Derncleugh. Every door in the hamlet was chalked by the ground-officer, in token of a formal warning to remove at next term. Still, however, they showed no symptoms either of submission or of compliance. At length the term-day, the fatal Martinmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection were resorted to. A strong posse of peace-officers, sufficient to render all resistance vain, charged the inhabitants to depart by noon; and, as they did not obey, the officers, in terms of the warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched doors and windows—a summary and effectual mode of ejection still

practised in some remote parts of Scotland, when a tenant proves refractory. The gipsies, for a time, beheld the work of destruction in sullen silence and inactivity; then set about saddling and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. These were soon accomplished, where all had the habits of wandering Tartars; and they set forth on their journey to seek new settlements, where their patrons should neither be of the quorum, nor custos rotulorum.

Certain qualms of feeling had deterred Ellangowan from attending in person to see his tenants expelled. He left the executive part of the business to the officers of the law, under the immediate direction of Frank Kennedy, a supervisor, or riding-officer, belonging to the excise, who had of late become intimate at the Place. Mr. Bertram himself chose that day to make a visit to a friend at some distance. But it so happened, notwithstanding his precautions, that he could not avoid meeting his late tenants during their retreat from his property.

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent, upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gipsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose greatcoats that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broadsword without

a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts or *tumblers*, as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepit and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to the drivers to allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, 'Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass.'

'He shall have his share of the road,' answered a male gipsy from under his slouched and large-brimmed hat, and without raising his face, 'and he shall have nae mair ; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding.'

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, on such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed

him without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition—‘Giles Baillie,’ he said, ‘have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?’ (The question respected the young man who had been pressed.)

‘If I had heard otherwise,’ said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, ‘you should have heard of it too.’ And he plodded on his way, tarrying no further question. When the Laird had pressed on with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, but in which he now only read hatred and contempt, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now, than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependants of his family; and ought the mere circumstance of his becoming a

magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance, which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high precipitous banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon

lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

‘I’ll be d—d,’ said the groom, ‘if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit park!’—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

‘Ride your ways,’ said the gipsy, ‘ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearth-stone at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for?—There’s thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets,¹ and spent their lifeblood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes—there’s thirty yonder, from the auld wife of a hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o’ their bits o’ biolds, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw

¹ Delicacies.

cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father!—And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonnie woods of Ellangowan.'

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find a half-crown; the gipsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved: he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that 'if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merrilies that blessed day.'

SCOTT.—*Guy Mannering.*

MEG MERRILIES.

Old Meg she was a gipsy,
And lived upon the moors;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants, pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters, larchen trees;
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And, 'stead of supper, she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And, every night, the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.
And with her fingers, old and brown,
She plaited mats o' rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip hat had she on:
God rest her aged bones somewhere!
She died full long ago!

JOHN KEATS.

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES.

There were three gipsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran my lady, O!
One sang high and another sang low
And the other sang bonny, bonny Biscay, O!

Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!
The ragged, ragged rags about our door——
She's gone with the wraggle-taggle gipsies, O!

From an Old Song.

JOSEPH AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

At the inn where we lodged, I found a berline, belonging to Avignon, with three mules, which are the animals commonly used for carriages in this country. This I hired for five *loui'dores*. The coach was large, commodious, and well-fitted: the mules were strong and in good order; and the driver, whose name was Joseph, appeared to be a sober, sagacious, intelligent fellow, perfectly well acquainted with every place in the South of France. He told me he was owner of the coach, but I afterwards learned he was no other than a hired servant. I likewise detected him in some knavery, in the course of our journey; and plainly perceived he had a fellow-feeling with the inn-keepers on the road: but, in other respects, he was very obliging, serviceable, and even entertaining. There are some knavish practices of this kind at which a traveller will do well to shut his eyes, for his own ease and convenience. He will be lucky if he has to do with a sensible knave like Joseph, who understood his interest too well to be guilty of very flagrant pieces of imposition.

We set out from Lyons early on Monday morning, and as a robbery had been a few days before committed in that neighbourhood, I ordered my servant to load my musquetoön with a charge

of eight balls. By the bye, this piece did not fail to attract the curiosity and admiration of the people in every place through which we passed. The carriage no sooner halted, than a crowd immediately surrounded the man to view the blunderbuss, which they dignified with the title of *petit canon*. At Nuys in Burgundy, he fired it in the air, and the whole mob dispersed, and scampered off like a flock of sheep. In our journey hither, we generally set out in a morning at eight o'clock, and travelled till noon, when the mules were put up and rested a couple of hours. During this halt, Joseph went to dinner, and we went to breakfast, after which we ordered provision for our refreshment in the coach, which we took about three or four in the afternoon, halting for that purpose by the side of some transparent brook, which afforded excellent water to mix with our wine.

One day, perceiving a meadow on the side of the road full of a flower which I took to be the crocus, I desired my servant to alight and pull some of them. He delivered the musketoon to Joseph, who began to tamper with it, and off it went with a prodigious report, augmented by an echo from the mountains that skirted the road. The mules were so frightened, that they went off at the gallop; and Joseph, for some minutes, could neither manage the reins, nor open his mouth. At length he recollected himself, and the cattle were stopt, by the assistance of the servant,

to whom he delivered the musketoon, with a significant shake of the head. Then alighting from the box, he examined the heads of his three mules, and kissed each of them in his turn. Finding that they had received no damage, he came up to the coach, with a pale visage and staring eyes, and said it was God's mercy he had not killed his beasts. I answered, that it was a greater mercy he had not killed his passengers; for the muzzle of the piece might have been directed our way as well as any other, and in that case Joseph might have been hanged for murder. 'I had as good be hanged (said he) for murder, as be ruined by the loss of my cattle.' This adventure made such an impression on him, that he recounted it to every person we met; nor would he ever touch the blunderbuss from that day. I was often diverted with the conversation of the fellow, who was very arch and very communicative. Every afternoon he used to stand upon the foot-board, at the side of the coach, and discourse with us an hour together. Passing by the gibbet of Valencia, which stands very near the high-road, we saw one body hanging quite naked, and another lying broken on the wheel. I recollected that Mandrin had suffered in this place, and calling to Joseph to mount the foot-board, asked him if he had ever seen that famous adventurer. At mention of the name of Mandrin, the tear started in Joseph's eye, he discharged a deep sigh, or rather groan, and told me he was his dear friend. I was a little

startled at this declaration; however, I concealed my thoughts, and began to ask questions about the character and exploits of a man who had made such a noise in the world.

He told me, Mandrin was a native of Valencia, of mean extraction: that he had served as a soldier in the army, and afterwards acted as tax-gatherer: that at length he turned smuggler, and by his superior qualities raised himself to the command of a formidable gang, consisting of five hundred persons well armed with carbines and pistols. He had fifty horse for his troopers, and three hundred mules for the carriage of his merchandise. His headquarters were in Savoy; but he made incursions into Dauphine, and set the *maréchaussée*¹ at defiance. He maintained several bloody skirmishes with these troopers, as well as with other regular detachments, and in all those actions signalised himself by his courage and conduct. Coming up at one time with fifty of the *maréchaussée*, who were in quest of him, he told them very calmly, he had occasion for their horses and accoutrements, and desired them to dismount. At that instant his gang appeared, and the troopers complied with his request, without making the least opposition. Joseph said he was as generous as he was brave, and never molested travellers, nor did the least injury to the poor; but, on the contrary, relieved them very often. He used to oblige the gentlemen

¹ Mounted police.

in the country to take his merchandise, his tobacco, brandy, and muslins, at his own price; and, in the same manner, he laid the open towns under contribution. When he had no merchandise, he borrowed money off them upon the credit of what he should bring them when he was better provided. He was at last betrayed to the colonel of a French regiment, who went with a detachment in the night to the place where he lay in Savoy, and surprised him in a wood-house, while his people were absent in different parts of the country. Mandrin being conveyed to Valencia, his native place, was for some time permitted to go abroad, under a strong guard, with chains upon his legs. He here conversed freely with all sorts of people, flattering himself with the hopes of a pardon, in which, however, he was disappointed. An order came from court to bring him to his trial, when he was found guilty, and condemned to be broke upon the wheel. Joseph said he drank a bottle of wine with him the night before his execution. He bore his fate with great resolution, observing that if the letter which he had written to the King had been delivered, he certainly should have obtained his Majesty's pardon. His executioner was one of his own gang, who was pardoned on condition of performing this office.

You know that criminals broke upon the wheel are first strangled, unless the sentence imports that they shall be broke alive. As Mandrin had not been guilty of cruelty in the course

of his delinquency, he was indulged with this favour. Speaking to his executioner, whom he had formerly commanded, 'Joseph,' said he, 'thou shalt not touch me till I am quite dead.' Our driver had no sooner pronounced these words, than I was struck with a suspicion that he himself was the executioner of his friend Mandrin. On that suspicion, I exclaimed, 'Ah! ah! Joseph!' The fellow blushed up to the eyes, and said, 'Yes, he was called Joseph, as I am.' I did not think proper to prosecute the inquiry, but did not much relish the nature of Joseph's connections. The truth is, he had very much the looks of a ruffian; though, I must own, his behaviour was very obliging and submissive.

SMOLLETT.—*Travels Through France and Italy* (1766).

GOLDEN WINGS.

I suppose my birth was somewhat after the birth of Sir Percival of Galles, for I never saw my father, and my mother brought me up quaintly; not like a poor man's son, though, indeed, we had little money, and lived in a lone place; it was on a bit of waste land, near a river: moist, and without trees: on the drier parts of it folks had built cottages—see, I can count them on my fingers—six cottages, of which ours was one.

Likewise, there was a little chapel, with a yew tree and graves in t'le churchyard—graves—yes, a great many graves, more than in the yards of many Minsters I have seen, because people fought a battle once near us, and buried many bodies in deep pits, to the east of the chapel; but this was before I was born.

I have talked to old knights since who fought in that battle, and who told me that it was all about an old lady that they fought; indeed, this lady, who was a queen, was afterwards, by her own wish, buried in the aforesaid chapel in a most fair tomb; her image was of latoun gilt, and with a colour on it; her hands and face were of silver, and her hair, gilded and most curiously wrought, flowed down from her head over the marble.

It was a strange thing to see that gold and

brass and marble inside that rough chapel which stood on the marshy common, near the river.

Now, every St. Peter's day, when the sun was at its hottest, in the midsummer noontide, my mother (though at other times she only wore such clothes as the folk about us) would dress herself most richly, and shut the shutters against all the windows, and light great candles, and sit as though she were a queen, till the evening; sitting, and working at a frame, singing as she worked.

And what she worked at was two wings, wrought in gold, on a blue ground.

And as for what she sang, I could never understand it, though I know now that it was not in Latin.

And she used to charge me straightly never to let any man into the house on St. Peter's day; therefore, I and our dog, which was a great old bloodhound, always kept the door together.

But one St. Peter's day, when I was nearly twenty, I sat in the house watching the door with the bloodhound, and I was sleepy, because of the shut-up heat and my mother's singing, so I began to nod, and at last, though the dog often shook me by the hair to keep me awake, fell fast asleep, and began to dream a foolish dream without hearing, as men sometimes do; for I thought that my mother and I were walking to mass through the snow on a Christmas day, but my mother carried a live goose in her hand, holding it by the neck, instead of her rosary, and that I

went along by her side, not walking, but turning somersaults like a mountebank, my head never touching the ground. When we got to the chapel door, the old priest met us, and said to my mother, 'Why, dame alive, your head is turned green! Ah! never mind, I will go and say mass, but don't let little Mary there go,' and he pointed to the goose, and went.

Then mass began, but in the midst of it, the priest said out loud, 'Oh, I forgot,' and turning round to us began to wag his gray head and white beard, throwing his head back and sinking his chin on his breast alternately; and when we saw him do this, we presently began also to knock our heads against the wall, keeping time with him and with each other, till the priest said, 'Peter, it's dragon-time now,' whereat the roof flew off, and a great yellow dragon came down on the chapel floor with a flop and danced about clumsily, wriggling his fat tail, and saying to a sort of tune, 'O the Devil, the Devil, the Devil, O the Devil,' so I went up to him and put my hand on his breast, meaning to slay him, and so awoke, and found myself standing up with my hand on the breast of an armed knight; the door lay flat on the ground, and under it lay Hector, our dog, whining and dying.

For eight hours I had been asleep: on awaking, the blood rushed up into my face, I heard my mother's low mysterious song behind me, and knew not what harm might happen to

her and me, if that knight's coming made her cease in it; so I struck him with my left hand, where his face was bare under his mail coif, and getting my sword in my right, drove its point under his hauberk, so that it came out behind, and he fell, turned over on his face, and died.

Then, because my mother still went on working and singing, I said no word, but let him lie there and put the door up again, and found Hector dead.

I then sat down again and polished my sword with a piece of leather after I had wiped the blood from it; and in an hour my mother arose from her work, and raising me from where I was sitting, kissed my brow, saying, 'Well done, Lionel; you have slain your greatest foe, and now the people will know you for what you are before you die. . . . Ah, God! though not before I die.'

So I said, 'Who is he, mother? he seems to be some lord: am I a lord then?'

'A king, if the people will but know it,' she said.

Then she knelt down by the dead body, turned it round again, so that it lay face uppermost as before, then said,—

'And so it has come to this, has it? To think that you should run on my son's sword-point at last, after all the wrong you have done me and mine! Now must I work carefully, lest when you are dead you should still do me harm, for that you are a king. Lionel!'

'Yea, mother.'

'Come here and see, this is what I have

wrought these many Peter's days by day, and often other times by night.'

'It is a surcoat, mother; for me?'

'Yea, but take a spade, and come into the wood.'

So we went, and my mother gazed about her for a while as if she were looking for something, but then suddenly went forward with her eyes on the ground, and she said to me,—

'Is it not strange, that I who know the very place I am going to take you to as well as our own garden, should have a sudden fear come over me that I should not find it after all; though for these nineteen years I have watched the trees change and change all about it? Ah! here, stop now!'

We stopped before a great oak; a beech tree was behind us—she said, 'Dig, Lionel, hereabouts.'

So I dug, and for an hour found nothing but beech roots, while my mother seemed as if she was going mad, sometimes running about muttering to herself, sometimes stooping into the hole and howling, sometimes throwing herself on the grass and twisting her hands together above her head; she went once down the hill to a pool that had filled an old gravel pit, and came back dripping and with wild eyes. 'I am too hot,' she said, 'far too hot this St. Peter's day.'

Clink just then from my spade against iron; my mother screamed, and I dug with all my might for another hour, and then beheld a chest of heavy wood bound with iron, ready to be heaved

out of the hole. 'Now, Lionel, weigh it out—hard for your life!'

And with some trouble I got the chest out; she gave me a key, I unlocked the chest, and took out another wrapped in lead, which also I unlocked with a silver key that my mother gave me, and behold therein lay armour—mail for the whole body, made of very small rings wrought most wonderfully, for every ring was fashioned like a serpent, and though they were so small yet could you see their scales and their eyes, and of some even the forked tongue was on it, and lay on the rivet, and the rings were gilded here and there into patterns and flowers so that the gleam of it was most glorious. And the mail-coif was all gilded, and had red and blue stones at the rivets; and the tilting helmet was gilded also, and had flowers pricked out on it; and the chain of it was silver, and the crest was two gold wings. And there was a shield of blue set with red stones, which had two gold wings for a cognizance; and the hilt of the sword was gold, with angels wrought in green and blue all up it, the eyes in their wings were of pearls and red stones, and the sheath was of silver with green flowers on it.

Now when I saw this armour and understood that my mother would have me put it on, and ride out without fear, leaving her alone, I cast myself down on the grass so that I might not see its beauty (for it made me mad), and strove to think; but what thoughts soever came to me were only

of the things that would be, glory in the midst of ladies, battle-joy among knights, honour from all kings and princes and people—these things.

But my mother wept softly above me, till I arose with a great shudder of delight and drew the edges of the hauberk over my cheek, I liked so to feel the rings slipping, slipping, till they fell off altogether: then I said,—

‘ O Lord God that made the world, if I might only die in this armour ! ’

Then my mother helped me to put it on, and I felt strange and new in it, and yet I had neither lance nor horse.

So when we reached the cottage again she said: ‘ See now, Lionel, you must take this knight’s horse and his lance, and ride away, or else the people will come here to kill another king; and when you are gone, you will never see me any more in life.’

I wept thereat, but she said,—

‘ Nay, but see here.’

And taking the dead knight’s lance from among the garden lilies, she rent from it the pennon (which had a sword on a red ground for bearing), and cast it carelessly on the ground, then she bound about it a pennon with my bearing, gold wings on a blue ground; she bid me bear the knight’s body, all armed as he was, to put on him his helm and lay him upon the floor at her bed’s foot, also to break his sword and cast it on our hearthstone; all which things I did.

Afterwards she put the surcoat on me, and then lying down in her gorgeous raiment on the bed, she spread her arms out in the form of a cross, shut her eyes, and said,—

‘ Kiss me, Lionel, for I am tired.’

And after I had kissed her she died.

And I mounted my dead foe’s horse and rode away; neither did I ever know what wrong that was which he had done me. And do not blame me for not burying my mother; I left her there because, though she did not say so to me, yet I knew the thoughts of her heart, and that the thing she had wished so earnestly for these years, and years, and years, had been but to lie dead with him lying dead close to her.

So I rode all that night, for I could not stop because of the thoughts that were in me; and stopping at this place and that, in three days came to the city. And there the king held his court with great pomp.

And so I went to the palace, and asked to see the King; whereupon they brought me into the great hall where he was sitting with all his knights, and my heart swelled within me to think that I, too, was a king.

So I prayed him to make me a knight, and he spake graciously, and asked me my name; so when I had told it him, and said that I was a king’s son, he pondered, not knowing what to do, for I could not tell him whose son I was.

Whereupon one of the knights came near me

and shaded his eyes with his hand as one does in a bright sun, meaning to mock at me for my shining armour, and he drew nearer and nearer till his long stiff beard just touched me, and then I smote him on the face, and he fell on the floor.

So the King being in a rage, roared out from the door, 'Slay him !' but I put my shield before me and drew my sword, and the women drew together aside and whispered fearfully, and while some of the knights took spears and stood about me, others got their armour on.

And as we stood thus we heard a horn blow, and then an armed knight came into the hall and drew near to the King; and one of the maidens behind me came and laid her hand upon my shoulder, so I turned and saw that she was very fair, and then I was glad, but she whispered to me,—

'Sir Squire, for a love I have for your face and gold armour, I will give you good counsel; go presently to the King and say to him: "In the name of Alys des Roses and Sir Guy le Bon Amant, I pray you three boons," do this, and you will be alive, and a knight by to-morrow, otherwise I think hardly the one or the other.'

'The Lord reward you, damoyzel,' I said. Then I saw that the King had left talking with that knight and was just going to stand up and say something out loud, so I went quickly and called out with a loud voice,—

‘O, King Gilbert of the rose-land, I, Lionel of the Golden Wings, pray of you three boons in the name of Alys des Roses, and Sir Guy le Bon Amant.’

Then the King gnashed his teeth, because he had promised if ever his daughter Alys des Roses came back safe again, he would on that day grant any three boons to the first man who asked them, even if he were his greatest foe. He said, ‘Well, then, take them; what are they?’

‘First, my life; then, that you should make me a knight; and thirdly that you should take me into your service.’

He said: ‘I will do this, and moreover, I forgive you freely if you will be my true man.’

Then we heard shouting arise through all the city because they were bringing the Lady Alys from the ship up to the palace, and the people came to the windows, and the houses were hung with cloths and banners of silk and gold, that swung down right from the eaves to the ground; likewise the bells all rang: and within a while they entered the palace, and the trumpets rang and men shouted, so that my head whirled; and they entered the hall, and the king went down from the dais to meet them.

Now a band of knights and of damoyzels went before and behind, and in the midst Sir Guy led the Lady Alys by the hand, and he was a most stately knight, strong and fair.

THE PRIORESS.

There was also a Nun, a Prioress,
That of her smiling was full simple and coy;
Her greatest oath was but by saïnt Loy;
And she was clepëd madame Eglantynë.
Full well she sang the servicë divinë,
Entunëd in her nose full semëly;
And French she spake full fair and fetishly,
After the school of Stratford attë Bowë,
For French of Paris was to her unknowë.
At meatë well y-taught was she withallë;
She let no morsel from her lippës fallë
Nor wet her fingers in the saucë deepë.
Well could she carry a morsel and well keepë
That no dropë ne fell upon her breast.
In courtesy was set full much her lest.
Her overlippë wipëd she so clean,
That in her cuppë was no farthing seen
Of greasë, when she had drunken her draughtë.
Full semëly after her meat she raughtë,
And sikerly she was of great disport,
And full pleasant, and amiable of port,
And pained her to counterfeitë cheerë,
Of court, and be estately of mannërë,
And to be holden digne of reverence.
But, for to speaken of her conscience,

She was so charitable and so piteous
 She wouldē weep, if that she saw a mouse
 Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled.
 Of smallē houndes had she, that she fed
 With roasted flesh, or milk, or wastel-bread.
 But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
 Or if men smote it with a yardē smart:
 And all was conscience and tender heart.
 Full semēly her wimple pinchēd was
 Her nose tretys, her eyen gray as glass.
 Her mouth full small, and thereto soft and red;
 But sikerly she had a fair forehead;
 It was almost a spannē broad, I trowē;
 For, hardily, she was not undergrowē.
 Ful fetis was her cloak, as I was ware.
 Of small coral about her arm she bare
 A pair of beadēs, gauded all with green;
 And thereon hung a broach of gold full sheen
 On which there was first writ a crownēd A,
 And after, Amor vincit omnia.

CHAUCER. *Prologue to Canterbury Tales.*

cleped=called; fetishly=charmingly; lest=desire; raughte=reached;
 sikerly=certainly; painēd her=she took great pains; digne=worthy;
 wastel-bred=cake; wimpel=head-dress; pinched=pleated under the
 chin; tretys=well proportioned; pair=string; *Amor vincit omnia*=
 love conquers all things.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Before BRUTUS'S Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*PIN. gives a letter to BRU.*

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd ;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd :
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine
enemies ?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs ;

And when you do them,—

Bru. Cassius, be content ;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well :—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no
man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*]

Within the Tent of BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear
in this,—
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,—
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong
me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus
have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd
Set in a notebook, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus,—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so. [Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay
me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and
TITINIUS.*

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows
his time:

What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!
[*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCIL. and TIT.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine

Cas. I did not think you could have been so
angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is
dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark
Antony

Have made themselves so strong; for with her
death

That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods.

Enter LUCIUS with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl
of wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge.—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*

Bru. Come in, Titinius!

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala!—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru.

No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her
in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art, as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good-night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Farewell good Messala:—
Good-night, Titinius;—noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good-night, my lord.

Bru. Good-night, good brother.

Tit. and Mes. Good-night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily!
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you we will stand and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*VAR. and CLAUD. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much
forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live

I will be good to thee. [*Music and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy
That plays the music?—Gentle knave, good-night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee ;
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good-
night.—

Let me see, let me see ;—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

[*Sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou anything ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.—

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!—sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see
anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow, thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you cry so out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. and Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. and Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SHAKESPEARE.—*Julius Caesar.*

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

When they had passed by this place, they came upon the borders of the Shadow of Death; and this Valley was longer than the other; a place, also, most strangely haunted with evil things, as many are able to testify; but these women and children went the better through it, because they had daylight, and because Mr. Great-heart was their conductor.

When they were entered upon this Valley, they thought that they heard a groaning, as of dead men, a very great groaning. They thought, also, they did hear words of lamentation spoken, as of some in extreme torment. These things made the boys to quake, the women also looked pale and wan; but their guide bid them be of good comfort.

So they went on a little farther, and they thought that they felt the ground begin to shake under them, as if some hollow place was there; they heard also a kind of a hissing, as of serpents, but nothing as yet appeared. Then said the boys, Are we not yet at the end of this doleful place? But the guide also bid them be of good courage, and look well to their feet, lest haply, said he, you be taken in some snare.

Now James began to be sick, but I think the cause thereof was fear; so his mother gave him some of that glass of spirits that she had given her at the Interpreter's house, and three of the pills that Mr. Skill had prepared, and the boy began to revive. Thus they went on, till they came to about the middle of the Valley, and then Christiana said, Methinks I see something yonder upon the road before us, a thing of such a shape such as I have not seen. Then said Joseph, Mother, what is it? An ugly thing, child; an ugly thing, said she. But, mother, what is it like? said he. It is like I cannot tell what, said she. And now it was but a little way off; then said she, It is nigh.

Well, well, said Mr. Great-heart, let them that are most afraid, keep close to me. So the fiend came on, and the conductor met it; but when it was just come to him, it vanished to all their sights. Then remembered they what had been said some time ago. 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'

They went therefore on, as being a little refreshed; but they had not gone far, before Mercy, looking behind her, saw, as she thought, something most like a lion, and it came a great padding pace after; and it had a hollow voice of roaring; and at every roar that it gave, it made all the Valley echo, and their hearts to ache, save the heart of him that was their guide. So it came up; and Mr. Great-heart went behind, and put the Pilgrims all before him. The lion also came on

apace, and Mr. Great-heart addressed himself to give him battle. But when he saw that it was determined that resistance should be made, he also drew back, and came no farther.

Then they went on again, and their conductor did go before them, till they came at a place where was cast up a pit the whole breadth of the way; and, before they could be prepared to go over that, a great mist and a darkness fell upon them, so that they could not see. Then said the Pilgrims, Alas ! now what shall we do ? But their guide made answer, Fear not, stand still, and see what an end will be put to this also. So they staid there, because their path was marred. They then also thought that they did hear more apparently the noise and rushing of the enemies; the fire, also, and the smoke of the pit, was much easier to be discerned. Then said Christiana to Mercy, Now I see what my poor husband went through; I have heard much of this place, but I never was here before now. Poor man, he went here all alone in the night; he had night almost quite through the way; also, these fiends were busy about him, as if they would have torn him in pieces. Many have spoke of it, but none can tell what the Valley of the Shadow of Death should mean, until they come in it themselves. 'The heart knows its own bitterness; and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.' To be here is a fearful thing.

Great-heart. This is like doing business in

great waters, or like going down into the deep; this is like being in the heart of the sea, and like going down to the bottoms of the mountains; now it seems as if the earth, with its bars, were about us for ever. But let them that walk in darkness, and have no light, trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God. For my part, as I have told you already, I have gone often through this Valley, and have been much harder put to it than now I am, and yet you see I am alive. I would not boast, for that I am not mine own saviour; but I trust we shall have a good deliverance. Come, let us pray for light to him that can lighten our darkness, and that can rebuke not only these, but all the Satans in hell.

So they cried and prayed, and God sent light and deliverance, for there was now no let in their way; no, not there, where but now they were stopped with a pit. Yet they were not got through the Valley; so they went on still, and behold great stinks and loathsome smells, to the great annoyance of them. Then said Mercy to Christiana, There is not such pleasant being here, as at the gate, or at the Interpreter's, or at the house where we lay last.

O but, said one of the boys, it is not so bad to go through here, as it is to abide here always; and for aught I know, one reason why we must go this way to the house prepared for us, is, that our home might be made the sweeter to us.

Well said, Samuel, quoth the guide, thou hast

now spoke like a man. Why, if ever I get out here again, said the boy, I think I shall prize light and good way better than ever I did in all my life. Then said the guide, We shall be out by and by.

So on they went, and Joseph said, Cannot we see to the end of this Valley as yet? Then said the guide, Look to your feet, for you shall presently be among the snares. So they looked to their feet, and went on; but they were troubled much with the snares. Now, when they were come among the snares, they espied a man cast into the ditch on the left hand, with his flesh all rent and torn. Then said the guide, That is one Heedless, that was agoing this way; he has lain there a great while. There was one Take-heed with him, when he was taken and slain; but he escaped their hands. You cannot imagine how many are killed hereabout, and yet men are so foolishly venturous, as to set out lightly on pilgrimage, and to come without a guide. Poor Christian! it was a wonder that he here escaped; but he was beloved of his God: also, he had a good heart of his own, or else he could never have done it. Now they drew towards the end of the way; and just there where Christian had seen the cave when he went by, out thence came forth Maul, a giant. This Maul did use to spoil young pilgrims with sophistry; and he called Great-heart by his name, and said unto him, How many times have you been forbidden to do these things? Then said Mr. Great-heart, What things? What

things? quoth the giant; you know what things; but I will put an end to your trade. But pray, said Mr. Great-heart, before we fall to it, let us understand wherefore we must fight. Now the women and children stood trembling, and knew not what to do. Quoth the giant, You rob the country, and rob it with the worst of thefts. These are but generals, said Mr. Great-heart; come to particulars, man.

Then said the giant, Thou practisest the craft of a kidnapper; thou gatherest up women and children, and carriest them into a strange country, to the weakening of my master's kingdom. But now Great-heart replied, I am a servant of the God of heaven; my business is to persuade sinners to repentance; I am commanded to do my endeavour to turn men, women, and children, 'from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God'; and if this be indeed the ground of thy quarrel, let us fall to it as soon as thou wilt.

Then the giant came up, and Mr. Great-heart went to meet him; and as he went, he drew his sword, but the giant had a club. So without more ado, they fell to it, and at the first blow the giant struck Mr. Great-heart down upon one of his knees; with that the women and children cried out; so Mr. Great-heart recovering himself, laid about him in full lusty manner, and gave the giant a wound in his arm; thus he fought for the space of an hour, to that height of heat,

that the breath came out of the giant's nostrils, as the heat doth out of a boiling caldron.

Then they sat down to rest them, but Mr. Great-heart betook him to prayer; also the women and children did nothing but sigh and cry all the time that the battle did last.

When they had rested them, and taken breath, they both fell to it again, and Mr. Great-heart with a full blow, fetched the giant down to the ground. Nay, hold, and let me recover, quoth he; so Mr. Great-heart fairly let him get up. So to it they went again, and the giant missed but little of all-to-breaking Mr. Great-heart's skull with his club.

Mr. Great-heart seeing that, runs to him in the full heat of his spirit, and pierceth him under the fifth rib; with that the giant began to faint, and could hold up his club no longer. Then Mr. Great-heart seconded his blow, and smote the head of the giant from his shoulders. Then the women and children rejoiced, and Mr. Great-heart also praised God, for the deliverance he had wrought.

When this was done, they among them erected a pillar, and fastened the giant's head thereon, and wrote underneath in letters, that passengers might read it:—

He that did wear this head, was one
That pilgrims did misuse;
He stopp'd their way, he spared none,
But did them all abuse;

Until that I, Great-heart, arose,
 The pilgrim's guide to be;
 Until that I did him oppose,
 That was their enemy.

Now I saw, that they went to the ascent that was a little way off, cast up to be a prospect for pilgrims (that was the place from whence Christian had the first sight of Faithful his brother); wherefore here they sat down, and rested; they also here did eat and drink, and make merry, for that they had gotten deliverance from this so dangerous an enemy. As they sat thus, and did eat, Christiana asked the guide if he had caught no hurt in the battle. Then said Mr. Great-heart, No, save a little on my flesh; yet that also shall be so far from being to my detriment, that it is at present a proof of my love to my Master and you, and shall be a means, by grace, to increase my reward at last.

Christiana. But was you not afraid, good Sir, when you saw him come out with his club?

Great-heart. It is my duty, said he, to distrust my own ability, that I may have reliance on him that is stronger than all.

Christiana. But what did you think when he fetched you down to the ground at the first blow?

Great-heart. Why, I thought, quoth he, that so my Master himself was served, and yet he it was that conquered at the last.

Matthew. When you all have thought what

you please, I think God has been wonderful good unto us, both in bringing us out of this Valley, and in delivering us out of the hand of this enemy; for my part, I see no reason, why we should distrust our God any more, since he has now, and in such a place as this, given us such testimony of his love as this.

Then they got up and went forward. Now a little before them stood an oak; and under it, when they came to it, they found an old pilgrim fast asleep; they knew that he was a pilgrim by his clothes, and his staff, and his girdle.

So the guide, Mr. Great-heart, awaked him, and the old gentleman, as he lift up his eyes, cried out, What's the matter? Who are you? and what is your business here?

Great-heart. Come, man, be not so hot, here is none but friends.

Yet the old man gets up, and stands upon his guard, and will know of them what they were. Then said the guide, My name is Great-heart; I am the guide of these Pilgrims, which are going to the Celestial Country.

Then said Mr. Honest, I cry you mercy; I feared that you had been of the company of those that some time ago did rob Little-faith of his money; but now I look better about me, I perceive you are honestest people.

Great-heart. Why, what would, or could you have done, to have helped yourself, if we indeed had been of that company?

Honest. Done ! why I would have fought as long as breath had been in me ; and had I so done I am sure you could never have given me the worst on it ; for a Christian can never be overcome, unless he should yield of himself.

Great-heart. Well said, father Honest, quoth the guide ; for by this I know thou art a cock of the right kind, for thou hast said the truth.

Honest. And by this, also, I know that thou knowest what true pilgrimage is ; for all others do think that we are the soonest overcome of any.

CHRISTIANA CROSSES THE RIVER.

Now, while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town, that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the Pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, and the house was found out where she was; so the post presented her with a letter; the contents whereof were, 'Hail, good woman! I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expecteth that thou shouldest stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days.'

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was, an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid that he should give advice how all

things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, thus and thus it must be; and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them, that she yet read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and her daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

When she had spoken these words to her guide and to her children, she called for Mr. Valiant-for-truth, and said unto him, Sir, you have in all places showed yourself true-hearted; 'be faithful unto death,' and my King will give you 'a crown of life.' I would also entreat you to have an eye to my children; and if at any time you see them faint, speak comfortably to them. For my daughters, my sons' wives, they have been faithful, and a fulfilling of the promise upon them will be their end. But she gave Mr. Stand-fast a ring.

Then she called for old Mr. Honest, and said of him, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.' Then said he, I wish you a fair day, when you set out for Mount Zion, and shall be glad to see that you go over the river dry-shod. But she answered, Come wet, come dry, I long to be gone; for, however the weather is in my

journey, I shall have time enough when I come there to sit down and rest me, and dry me.

Then came in that good man Mr. Ready-to-halt, to see her. So she said to him, Thy travel hither has been with difficulty; but that will make thy rest the sweeter. But watch and be ready; for at an hour when you think not, the messenger may come.

After him came in Mr. Despondency, and his daughter Much-afraid, to whom she said, You ought with thankfulness for ever to remember your deliverance from the hands of Giant Despair, and out of Doubting Castle. The effect of that mercy is, that you are brought with safety hither. Be ye watchful, and cast away fear; 'be sober and hope to the end.'

Then she said to Mr. Feeble-mind, Thou wast delivered from the mouth of Giant Slay-good, that thou mightest live in the light of the living for ever, and see thy King with comfort; only I advise thee to repent thee of thine aptness to fear, and doubt of his goodness, before he sends for thee; lest thou shouldest, when he comes, be forced to stand before him, for that fault, with blushing.

Now the day drew on, that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and

entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her to the river side. The last words that she was heard to say here, were, I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee.

So her children and friends returned to their place, for that those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had done before her.

At her departure her children wept. But Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

BUNYAN.—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

After that the French king was thus departed from Sangate, they within Calais saw well how their succour failed them, for the which they were in great sorrow. Then they desired so much their captain, Sir Johan of Vienne, that he went to the walls of the town and made a sign to speak with some person of the host. When the king heard thereof, he sent thither Sir Gaultier of Manny and Sir Basset. Then Sir Johan of Vienne said to them : ‘Sirs, ye be right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye know well how the king my master hath sent me and other to this town and commanded us to keep it to his behoof in such wise that we take no blame, nor to him no damage; and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now our succours hath failed us, and we be so sore strained, that we have not to live withal, but that we must all die or else enrage for famine, without the noble and gentle king of yours will take mercy on us; the which to do we require you to desire him, to have pity on us, and to let us go and depart as we be, and let him take the town and castle and all the goods that be therein, the which is great abundance.’

Then Sir Gaultier of Manny said: ‘Sir, we know somewhat of the intention of the king our master, for he hath showed it unto us: surely know for truth it is not his mind that ye nor they



Burghers of Calais.

within the town should depart so, for it is his will that ye all should put yourselves into his pure will, to ransom all such as pleaseth him and to put to death such as he list; for they of Calais hath done him such contraries and despites, and hath caused him to dispend so much good, and lost many of his men, that he is sore grieved against them.'

Then the captain said : ' Sir, this is too hard a matter to us. We are here within, a small sort of knights and squires, who hath truly served the king our master as well as ye serve yours in like case. And we have endured much pain and unease; but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did, rather than to consent that the worst lad in the town should have any more evil than the greatest of us all; therefore, sir, we pray you that of your humility, yet that ye will go and speak to the king of England and desire him to have pity on us; for we trust in him so much gentleness, that by the grace of God his purpose shall change.'

Sir Gaultier of Manny and Sir Basset returned to the king and declared to him all that had been said. The king said he would none otherwise but that they should yield them up simply to his pleasure. Then Sir Gaultier said: ' Sir, saving your displeasure, in this ye may be in the wrong, for ye shall give by this an evil ensample: if ye send any of us your servants into any fortress, we will not be very glad to go, if ye put any of

them in the town to death after they be yielded; for in like wise they will deal with us, if the case fell like.' The which words divers other lords that were there present sustained and maintained.

Then the king said: 'Sirs, I will not be alone against you all; therefore, Sir Gaultier of Manny, ye shall go and say to the capitain that all the grace that he shall find now in me is that they let six of the chief burgesses of the town come out bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands, and let them six yield themself purely to my will, and the residue I will take to mercy.'

Then Sir Gaultier returned and found Sir Johan of Vienne still on the wall, abiding for an answer. Then Sir Gaultier showed him all the grace that he could get of the king. 'Well,' quoth Sir Johan, 'sir, I require you tarry here a certain space, till I go into the town, and show this to the commons of the town who sent me hither. Then Sir Johan went unto the market-place and sowned the common bell; then incontinent men and women assembled there; then the captain made report of all that he had done, and said, 'Sirs, it will be none otherwise; therefore now take advice and make a short answer.' Then all the people began to weep and to make such sorrow, that there was not so hard a heart, if they had seen them, but that would have had great pity of them; the captain himself wept piteously.

At last the most rich burgess of all the town, called Eustace of Saint Peters, rose up and said openly: 'Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, either by famine or otherwise, when there is a mean to save them. I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God that might keep them fro such mischief. As for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me: wherefore to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy.'

When he had thus said, every man worshipped him and divers kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sighs. Then another honest burgess rose and said: 'I will keep company with my gossip Eustace.' He was called Johan d'Aire. Then rose up Jaques of Wissant, who was rich in goods and heritage; he said also that he would hold company with his two cousins. In like wise so did Peter of Wissant his brother; and then rose two other; they said they would do the same. Then they went and apparelled them as the king desired.

Then the captain went with them to the gate; there was great lamentation made of men, women, and children at their departing; then the gate was opened and he issued out with the six burgesses and closed the gate again, so that they were between the gate and the barriers. Then he said to Sir Gaultier of Manny: 'Sir, I deliver here to you as captain of Calais by the whole consent of

all the people of the town these six burgesses, and I swear to you truly that they be and were to-day most honourable, rich, and most notable burgesses of all the town of Calais. Wherefore, gentle knight, I require you pray the king to have mercy on them, that they die not.' Quoth Sir Gaultier: 'I cannot say what the king will do, but I shall do for them the best I can.' Then the barriers were opened, the six burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town.

When Sir Gaultier presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down and held up their hands and said: 'Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants; we have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high noblesse.' Then all the earls and barons and other that were there, wept for pity. The king looked felly¹ on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais, for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off: every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf: then Sir Gaultier of Manny said: 'Ah, noble king, for God's sake, refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign

¹ felly : angrily.

noblesse; therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renome, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainy. Every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company.'

Then the king wryed¹ away from him, and commanded to send for the hangman, and said: 'They of Calais have caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in like wise.'

Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down and sore weeping, said: 'Ah, gentle sir, sith² I passed the sea in great peril, I have desired nothing of you; therefore now I humbly require you, in the honour of the Son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy on these six burgesses.' The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said: 'Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you. Wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them.' Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken fro their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure; and then she gave each of them six nobles and made them to be brought out of the host in safe-guard and set at their liberty.

LORD BERNERS.—*Chronicles of Froissart.*

¹ wryed : turned.

² sith : since.

TO NIGHT:

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
 Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon rode heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,
 No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon !

SHELLEY.

SLEEP.

I

THE CAVE OF MORPHEUS.

He, making speedy way through spersed air,
And through the world of waters wide and
deep,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repair.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth
spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one fair fram'd of burnisht ivory;
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakefull dogs before them fast do lie,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
deep
In drowsy fit he finds; of nothing he takes keep.

And, more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the
sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careless Quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies.

SPENSER.—*The Faerie Queene.*

II

THE SLEEPLESS KING.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under high canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
 them

With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEARE.

III

SANCHO PANZA ON SLEEP.

Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.

CERVANTES.—*Don Quixote*.

ON GETTING UP ON COLD MORNINGS.

An Italian author—Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit—has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but, on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the house-tops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This, at least, is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being,—a rational creature. How? Why, with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh—

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it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed, of a bitter morning, and *lie* before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, etc., will at least concede their due merits to such representations as the following:—

In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold—from fire to ice. They are 'haled' out of their 'beds,' says Milton, by 'harpy-footed furies'—fellows who come to call them.

On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster as are exposed to the air of the room are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. 'It is very cold this morning, is it not?'—'Very cold, sir.'—'Very cold indeed, isn't it?'—'Very cold indeed, sir.'—'More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?' (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) 'Why, sir . . . I think it *is*.' (Good creature! There is not a better or more truth-telling servant going.) 'I must rise, however—get me some warm water'—

Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of 'no use' to get up. The hot water comes. 'Is it quite hot?'—'Yes, sir,'—'Perhaps too hot for shaving; I must wait a little?'—'No, sir; it will just do.' (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) 'Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt;—linen gets very damp this weather'—'Yes, sir.' Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. 'Oh, the shirt—very well. My

stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired, too.’—‘Very well, sir.’ Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the by, for a country vicar)—I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving; it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed).

No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate king, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo’s picture—at Michael Angelo’s—at Titian’s—at Shakespeare’s—at Fletcher’s—at Spenser’s—at Chaucer’s—at Alfred’s—at Plato’s—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch.—Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people.—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan.—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, above the prejudice of his time—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own.—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from

anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this only shows that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his *Seasons*:

Falsely luxurious ! Will not man awake ?

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, 'What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?' but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious ~~man~~ in bed will find hard matter of discussion even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask

for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying later in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

LEIGH HUNT.—*Essays*.



By permission of National Portrait Gallery,

From an old print

Sir Philip Sidney.

THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

When that unfortunate stand was to be made before Zutphen, to stop the issuing out of the Spanish army from a strait; with what alacrity soever he went to actions of honour, yet remembering that upon just grounds the ancient sages describe the worthiest persons to be ever best armed, he had completely put on his; but meeting the marshal of the camp lightly armed, the unspotted emulation of his heart, to venture without any inequality, made him cast off his cuisses; and so, by the secret influence of destiny, to disarm that part, where God, it seems, had resolved to strike him. Thus they go on, every man at the head of his own troop; and the weather being misty, fell unawares upon the enemy, who had made a strong stand to receive them, near to the very walls of Zutphen, by reason of which accident their troops fell, not only to be unexpectedly engaged within the level of the great shot that played from the ramparts, but more fatally within shot of their muskets, which were laid in ambush within their own trenches.

Now whether this were a desperate cure in our leaders, for a desperate disease; or whether misprision, neglect, audacity, or what else induced it, it is no part of my office to determine, but only

to make the narration clear, and deliver rumour, as it passed then, without any stain, or enamel.

Howsoever, by this stand, an unfortunate hand out of those forespoken trenches, brake the bone of Sir Philip's thigh with a musket-shot. The horse he rode upon was rather furiously cholerick than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fittest bier to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at that same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' And when he had pledged this poor soldier, he was presently carried to Arnheim.

Here the principal surgeons¹ of the camp attended for him; some mercenarily out of gain, others out of honour to their art, but the most of them with a true zeal (compounded of love and reverence) to do him good, and (as they thought) many nations in him. When they began to dress his wound he, both by way of charge and advice, told them that while his strength was yet entire,

¹ surgeons : surgeons.

his body free from fever, and his mind able to endure, they might freely use their art, cut, and search to the bottom. For besides his hope of health, he could make this further profit of the pains which he must suffer, that they should bear witness, they had indeed a sensible natured man under their hands, yet one to whom a stronger spirit had given power above himself, either to do or suffer.

With love and care well mixed, they began the cure, and continued it some sixteen days, not without hope, but rather such confidence of his recovery, as the joy of their hearts overflowed their discretion, and made them spread the intelligence of it to the Queen, and all his noble friends here in England, where it was received not as private, but public good news.

Only there was one owl among all the birds, which, though looking with no less zealous eyes than the rest, yet saw, and presages more despair; I mean an excellent chirurgeon of the Count Hollocks, who although the Count himself lay at the same instant hurt in the throat with a musket shot, yet did he neglect his own extremity to save his friend, and to that end had sent him to Sir Philip. This chirurgeon, notwithstanding, (out of love to his master) returning one day to dress his wound, the Count cheerfully asked him how Sir Philip did? And being answered with a heavy countenance, that he was not well; at these words the worthy Prince (as having more

sense of his friend's wounds than his own) cries out, ' Away villain, never see my face again, till thou bring better news of that man's recovery; for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost.'

Now after the sixteenth day was past, and the very shoulder-bones of this delicate patient worn through his skin, with constant and obedient posturing of his body to their art; he judiciously observing the pangs his wound stung him with by fits, together with many other symptoms of decay, few or none of recovery, began rather to submit his body to these artists, than any farther to believe in them. So that afterwards, how freely soever he left his body subject to their practice, and continued a patient beyond exception; yet did he not change his mind, but as having cast off all hope, or desire of recovery, divided that little span of life which was left him in this manner.

First he called the ministers unto him; who were all excellent men, of divers nations, and before them made such a confession of Christian faith, as no book but the heart can truly and feelingly deliver. Then desired them to accompany him in prayer, wherein he besought leave to lead the assembly, in respect, as he said, that the secret sins of his own heart were best known to himself, and out of that true sense he more properly instructed them to apply the eternal sacrifice of our Saviour's passion and merits to him.

The next change used was the calling for his will; which though at first it may seem a descent from heaven to earth again, yet he that observes the distinction of those offices, which he practised in bestowing his own, shall discern that as the soul of man is all in all, and all in every part; so was the goodness of his nature equally dispersed into the greatest and least actions of his too short life. Which will of his will ever remain for a witness to the world that those sweet, large, even dying affections in him could no more be contracted with the narrowness of pain, grief, or sickness, than any sparkle of our immortality can be privately buried in the shadow of death.

Here again this restless soul of his (changing only the air and not the chords of her harmony) calls for music; especially that song which himself had entitled, '*La Cuisse rompue*.' Partly (as I conceive by the name) to show that the glory of mortal flesh was shaken in him: and by that music itself to fashion and enfranchise his heavenly soul into that everlasting harmony of angels, whereof these concords were a kind of terrestrial echo.

The last scene of this tragedy was the parting between the two brothers: the weaker showing infinite strength in suppressing sorrow, and the stronger infinite weakness in expressing of it. Sir Philip, in whom earthly passion did even as it were flash, like lights ready to burn out, recalls his brother's spirits together with a strong virtue

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but a weak voice, mildly blaming him for relaxing the frail strengths left to support him in his final combat of separation at hand. And to stop this torrent of natural affection in both, took his leave with these admonishing words:—

‘Love my memory, cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world, with all her vanities.’

And with this farewell, he desired the company to lead him away. Here this noble gentleman ended the too short scene, his life; in which path whosoever is not confident that he walked the next way to eternal rest, will be found to judge uncharitably.

Thus you see how it pleased God to show forth, and then suddenly withdraw this precious light of our sky.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE.
Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sidney.

MY TRUE LOVE.

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

MEMORIES OF SUMMER ENGLAND.

All through the morning, the air was held in an ominous stillness. Sitting over my books, I seemed to feel the silence; when I turned my look to the window, I saw nothing but the broad, gray sky, a featureless expanse, cold, melancholy. Later, just as I was bestirring myself to go out for an afternoon walk, something white fell softly across my vision. A few minutes more, and all was hidden with a descending veil of silent snow.

It was a disappointment. Yesterday I half believed that the winter drew to its end; the breath of the hills was soft; spaces of limpid azure shone amid slow-drifting clouds, and seemed the promise of spring. Idle by the fireside, in the gathering dusk, I began to long for the days of light and warmth. My fancy wandered, leading me far and wide in a dream of summer England.

This is the valley of the Blythe. The stream ripples and glances over its brown bed warmed with sunbeams; by its bank the green flags wave and rustle and, all about, the meadows shine in pure gold of buttercups. The hawthorn hedges are a mass of gleaming blossom, which

scents the breeze. There above rises the heath, yellow-mantled with gorse, and beyond, if I walk for an hour or two, I shall come out upon the sandy cliffs of Suffolk, and look over the northern sea. . . .

I am in Wensleydale, climbing from the rocky river that leaps amid broad pastures up to the rolling moor. Up and up, till my feet brush through heather, and the grouse whirs away before me. Under a glowing sky of summer, this air of the uplands has still a life which spurs to movement, which makes the heart bound. The dale is hidden; I see only the brown and purple wilderness, cutting against the blue with great round shoulders, and, far away to the west, an horizon of sombre heights. . . .

I ramble through a village in Gloucestershire, a village which seems forsaken in this drowsy warmth of the afternoon. The houses of gray stone are old and beautiful, telling of a time when Englishmen knew how to build whether for rich or poor; the gardens glow with flowers, and the air is delicately sweet. At the village end, I come into a lane, which winds upwards between grassy slopes, to turf and bracken and woods of noble beech. Here I am upon a spur of the Cotswolds, and before me spreads the wide vale of Evesham, with its ripening

crops, its fruiting orchards, watered by sacred Avon. Beyond, softly blue, the hills of Malvern. On the branch hard by warbles a little bird, glad in his leafy solitude. A rabbit jumps through the fern. There sound the laugh of a woodpecker from the copse in yonder hollow. . . .

In the falling of a summer night, I walk by Ullswater. The sky is still warm with the after-glow of sunset, a dusky crimson smouldering above the dark mountain line. Below me spreads a long reach of the lake, steel-gray between its dim colourless shores. In the profound stillness, the trotting of a horse beyond the water sounds strangely near; it serves only to make more sensible the repose of Nature in this her sanctuary. I feel a solitude unutterable, yet nothing akin to desolation; the heart of the land I love seems to beat in the silent night gathering around me; amid things eternal, I touch the familiar and kindly earth. Moving, I step softly, as though my footfall were an irreverence. A turn in the road, and there is wafted to me a faint perfume, that of meadowsweet. Then I see a light glimmering in the farmhouse window—a little ray against the blackness of the great hillside, below which the water sleeps. . . .

A pathway leads me by the winding of the

river Ouse. Far on every side stretches a homely landscape, tilth and pasture, hedgerow and clustered trees, to where the sky rests upon the gentle hills. Slow, silent, the river lapses between its daisied banks, its gray-green osier beds. Yonder is the little town of St. Neots. In all England no simpler bit of rural scenery; in all the world nothing of its kind more beautiful. Cattle are lowing amid the rich meadows. Here one may loiter and dream in utter restfulness, while the great white clouds mirror themselves in the water as they pass above. . . .

I am walking on the South Downs. In the valleys the sun lies hot, but here sings a breeze which freshens the forehead and fills the heart with gladness. My foot upon the short, soft turf has an unwearied lightness; I feel capable of walking on and on, even to that farthest horizon where the white cloud casts its floating shadow. Below me, but far off, is the summer sea, still, silent, its ever-changing blue and green dimmed at the long limit with luminous noontide mist. Inland spreads the undulant vastness of the sheep-spotted downs, beyond them the tillage and the woods of Sussex weald, coloured like to the pure sky above them, but in deeper tint. Near by, all but hidden among trees in yon lovely hollow, lies an old, old hamlet, its brown roofs decked with golden lichen; I see the low church-tower, and

the little graveyard about it. Meanwhile, high in the heavens a lark is singing. It descends, it drops to its nest, and I could dream that half the happiness of its exultant song was love of England.

It is all but dark. For a quarter of an hour I must have been writing by a glow of firelight reflected on my desk; it seemed to me the sun of summer. Snow is still falling, I see its ghostly glimmer against the vanishing sky. To-morrow it will be thick in my garden, and perchance for several days. But when it melts, when it melts, it will leave the snowdrop. The crocus, too, is waiting, down there under the white mantle that warms the earth.

GISSING.—*The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.*

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SHAKESPEARE.—*As You Like It.*

THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY.

By this time July was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in: one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found on them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast, that it was impossible for the survivors

to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engender, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence fully proved; he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn

resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No surrender.' And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, 'First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners, and then each other.' It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the street.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the 13th of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received from England a despatch, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly

determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow-citizens; his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phoenix*, who had on board a quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the *Dartmouth*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation had separated; when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril; for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of

his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph broke from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phoenix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began, but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that

moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each others' eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night: and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, on the third night, flames were seen arising from the camp; and when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied

by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of spikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the despatches of Avaux that the regiments which returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong. Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading, thirty-one had been killed or disabled. The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the Continent to laughter; and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilisation, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

MACAULAY.—*History of England.*



St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street.

LONDON AND THE LAKE COUNTRY.

(I) To Wordsworth.

30th January, 1801.

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere. But I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles,—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining on houses and pavements, the print shops, the old book stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade,—all these things work themselves

into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes?

My emotions are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about (like a faithful dog, only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, —old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun and moon and skies and hills affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof, beautifully painted but unable to satisfy the mind, and at last, like the pictures in the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a

pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the Beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called ; so ever fresh and green and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city.

(2) To Thomas Manning.¹

February, 1801.

I am going to change my lodgings, having received a hint that it would be agreeable, at our Lady's next feast. I have partly fixed upon most delectable rooms, which look out, (when you stand a tip-toe) over the Thames, and Surrey Hills; at the upper end of King's Bench walks, in the Temple. There I shall have all the privacy of a house without the encumbrance, and shall be able to lock my friends out as often as I desire to hold free converse with my immortal mind, for my present lodgings resemble a minister's levee, I have so increased my acquaintance (as they call 'em) since I resided in town. Like the country mouse, that had tasted a little of urbane manners, I long to be nibbling my own cheese by my dear self, without mouse-traps and time-traps. By my new plan, I shall be as airy, up four pair of stairs, as in the country; and in a garden, in the midst of that enchanting, more than Mahometan paradise, London, whose dirtiest, drab-frequented

¹ A friend of Lamb's living at Cambridge.

alley, and her lowest bowing tradesman, I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, James Walter, and the parson into the bargain. O! her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, mercers, hardwaremen, pastry-cooks! St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand! Exeter Change! Charing Cross, with the man *upon* the black horse! These are thy gods, O London! An't you mightily moped on the banks of the Cam? Had you not better come and set up here? You can't think what a difference. All the streets are pure gold, I warrant you. At least I know an alchemy that turns her mud unto that metal,—a mind that loves to be at home in crowds. 'Tis half-past twelve o'clock, and all sober people ought to be a-bed.

C. Lamb (as you may guess).

(3) To Thomas Manning.

24th September, 1802.

Since the date of my last letter, I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was a trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time in my life to see Paris, and equally certainly never intend to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am glad I did not

go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. My next scheme, (for to my restless, ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed peak in Derbyshire, where the devil sits, they say, without breeches. *This* my purer mind rejected as indelicate. And my final resolve was a tour to the Lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice; for my time being precious did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains; great floundering bears and monsters they seemed, all couchant and asleep. We got up in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple, etc., etc. We thought we had got into fairyland. But that went off (as it never came again: while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets): and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc. I shall never forget ye, how ye lay about that night like an intrenchment: gone to bed, it seemed, for the night, but promising

that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study; which is a large antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never played upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Æolian harp, and an old sofa, half-bed, etc. And all looking out on the last fading view of Skiddaw and his broad-breasted brethren: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons (good people and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night), and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London and passed much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ullswater, where the Clarksons live, and a place at the other end of Ullswater—I forget the name—to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered to the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself, that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before; they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination. Mary was excessively tired, when she got about half-way up Skiddaw, but came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be

imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water she surmounted it most manfully. Oh, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about, and about, making you giddy: and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks—I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than among Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw, I could spend a year—two, three years—among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature.

CHARLES LAMB.—*Letters*.

(4)

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight
appears,

Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for
three years:

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her?
She sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves,

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they
fade,

The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her
eyes.

WORDSWORTH.



Photo. Webb & Bros.

A Scenc in the Lake Country.

A RIDE ON AN ALLIGATOR.

We found a cayman, ten feet and a half long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do, but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales, *hoc opus,¹ hic labor*. We mustered strong: there were three Indians from the creek, there was my own Indian, Yan; Daddy Quashi, the negro from Mrs. Peterson's; James, Mr. R. Edmonstone's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds; and, lastly, myself.

I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference.

The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware, that if I tried to force them against their will, they would take off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrank back,

¹ This was the difficulty.

begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologising for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked me if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would have ruined all. I had come above three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their proposition with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sandbank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the cayman's jaws. Here then we stood, in silence, like a calm before a thunderstorm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long, and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's

throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

‘Brave squad!’ said I to myself, ‘*Audax*¹ *omnia perpeti*, now that you have got me betwixt yourselves and danger.’ I then mustered all hands for the last time before the battle. We were, four South American savages, two negroes from Africa, a creole from Trinidad, and myself, a white man from Yorkshire. In fact, a little Tower of Babel group, in dress, no dress, address, and language.

Daddy Quashi hung in the rear; I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waistband of my trousers: it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all the people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the surface of the water; and then, should he plunge, to slacken the rope and let him go again into the deep.

..I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast) and sank down upon one knee, about four yards from the water’s edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity.

¹ Brave to endure all things.

I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came—*monstrum horrendum, informe*.¹ This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfast on him.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation: I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his forelegs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle.

He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.

The people roared out in triumph, and were

¹ A monster horrible, misshapen.

so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burthen farther inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride.

The people now dragged us about forty yards on the sand; it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer—I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds.

After repeated attempts to regain his liberty the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome, and again remained quiet. While some of the people were pressing upon his head and shoulders, I threw myself on his tail, and by keeping it down to the sand, prevented him from kicking up another dust. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks. There I cut his throat; and, after breakfast was over, commenced the dissection.

WATERTON.—*Wanderings in South America.*

THE HORSE.

(I)

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's
thunder;

The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane,
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:

His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is
tried;

And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering 'holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?

He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

SHAKESPEARE.

(2)

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast
thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in
his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted;
neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering
spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness
and rage; neither believeth he that it is the
sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and
he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of
the captains, and the shouting.

The Book of Job, xxxix. 19-25.

POETRY AND THE POET.

(I)

For my own part, I find considerable meaning in the old vulgar distinction of Poetry being *metrical*, having music in it, being a Song. Truly, if pressed to give a definition, one might say this as soon as anything else: If your delineation be authentically *musical*, musical not in word only, but in heart and substance, in all the thoughts and utterances of it, in the whole conception of it, then it will be poetical; if not, not.—Musical: how much lies in that! A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely the *melody* that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be, here in this world. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious; naturally utter themselves in Song. The meaning of Song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!

Nay all speech, even the commonest speech, has something of song in it: not a parish in the world but has its parish-accent—the rhythm or *tune* to which the people there *sing* what they have to say! Accent is a kind of chanting; all men have accent of their own—though they only *notice* that of others. Observe, too, how all passionate language does of itself become musical—with a finer music than the mere accent; the speech of a man even in zealous anger becomes a chant, a song. All deep things are Song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, Song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls! The primal element of us; of us, and of all things. The Greeks fabled of Sphere-Harmonies: it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of Nature; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music. Poetry, therefore, we will call *musical Thought*. The Poet is he who *thinks* in that manner. At bottom, it turns still on power of intellect; it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a Poet. See deep enough, and you see musically, the heart of Nature *being* everywhere music, if you can only reach it.

CARLYLE.

(2)

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aërial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality!
One of these awakened me,
And I sped to succour thee.

SHELLEY.

THE VALUE OF GOOD BOOKS.

(1)

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are: nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extráction of that living intellect that bred them. I know that they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

MILTON.—*Areopagitica*.

(2)

A book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully

beautiful. So far as he knows no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest I ate, and drank, and slept; loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' That is his 'writing'; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or 'scripture.' That is a 'Book.'

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men; by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. . . . This eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty, of every place and time. Into that you may always enter; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the

motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

‘The place you desire,’ and the place you fit yourself for, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: it is open to labour and merit, but to nothing else. No wealth can bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question: ‘Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognise our presence.’

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You

must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, 'How good this is—that's exactly what I think!' But the right feeling is, 'How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see that it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day.' But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure, also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once,—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words, too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure that you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward; and will

make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, 'Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper? And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at the cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and

patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

Second—Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or ‘sensation.’ I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another—between one animal and another—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, *it is good for us*: nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow ‘no vain or vulgar person to enter there.’ What do you think I meant by a ‘vulgar’ person? What do you yourselves mean by ‘vulgarity’? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation.

Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy,—of quick understanding,—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the ‘tact’ or touch-faculty of body and soul: that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures;—fineness and fullness of sensation, beyond reason;—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true:—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognise what God has made good.

We come then to that great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is Righteous. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge—not the first thought that comes,—so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion—not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous;

if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business;—and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand—the place of the great continents beyond the sea;—a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven,—things which ‘the angels desire to look into.’ So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonised nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day;—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches, in

revellings and junketings, in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, without an effort or a tear.

For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation and of equal thought.

RUSKIN.—*Sesame and Lilies.*

NOTE.

In the report of the Committee appointed by the President of the Board of Education to inquire into the Teaching of English (1921) just emphasis was laid on the great benefits to be gained by making the reading of passages chosen from the Bible, 'the first of our English prose classics,' a part of the school lesson in literature. Extracts from the Bible are not included in these Readers,¹ partly because some teachers have scruples against putting the Bible to any but purely religious uses, and their views may be respected even when they are not shared, and partly because, in most schools, copies of the Bible are easily accessible. But I have thought it well to suggest, at the end of each volume, some half-dozen passages from among the many that seem to me well suited to be read at the age for which the volume is intended. My suggestions for Book VI are as follows:—

- (1) The marriage of Rebekah and Isaac. Genesis xxiv.
- (2) The death of Eli. I Samuel iv.
- (3) Elijah and the prophets of Baal. I Kings xviii. 17-46.
- (4) Elijah and the chariot of fire. II Kings ii. 1-15.
- (5) David's lament for Jonathan. II Samuel i. 19-27.
- (6) The city of God. Isaiah LX.

¹ With one short exception in this volume.

